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THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may ;
THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND none can slay !
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of Nelson falls ?
Pry the stone from the chancel-floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more ?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills ?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round !
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free :
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn ;
Spirit supernal, splendour eternal,
ENGLAND ! *

* H. G. Cone, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1915.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

BY THE RIGHT HON.
GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

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The spirit of a great nation called into energy on a grand occasion is the noblest of human phenomena. The pseudo-national spirit of Jingoism is the meanest and the most dangerous.

J. A. FROUDE.

NN-6-71

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1915

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To

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

FROM ONE WHO IS

HALF HIS COUNTRYMAN

AND

WHOLLY HIS FRIEND

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THE
SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME

A few years ago we believed the world had become too civilized for war, and the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was to be the inauguration of a new era. Battles, bloody as Napoleon's, are now the familiar tale of every day; and the arts which have made greatest progress are the arts of destruction.—J. A. FROUDE.

To find myself writing about war is an immense surprise. I entered public life at twenty-seven, and ever since I have laboured incessantly for peace. I have taught that war is the greatest of calamities, and an unjust war the most heinous of crimes. I spoke and wrote with all my energy against the causeless carnage of South Africa. I have urged the duty of courteous conciliation, and have protested against the vile spirit of watchful jealousy

which attributes the worst intentions to every nation except our own. I have pleaded for non-intervention in the quarrels of foreign States; and when our present troubles began I pleaded for it down to the last minute of the eleventh hour. But from that minute onwards I make the fine words of the Bishop of Hereford my own :—

"The German Government solved our difficulties by its shameless cynicism and its flagrant disregard of all moral considerations. While breaking its pledged word by its unprovoked invasion of Belgium, it suggested to us the bargain by which we were to condone its action and desert the Belgian people. This proposal the Prime Minister appropriately described as infamous. The proposal, it is true, was accompanied by certain promises. But what is the value of a promise from a promise-breaker?

"Under these circumstances I am brought to the conclusion that, in obedience to our Treaty obligations and in support of Belgium's just claims, our country had no choice but to take up the sword if honourable dealing was to have any chance of surviving in international affairs. The cynicism and the duplicity against which we are thus called to fight are worse than war, notwithstanding all its horrors and miseries,

and for my part I trust that every Englishman will do his part in the cause of righteous dealing, and to free our civilization from the malevolent and unscrupulous pride of military despotism."

These are the deliberate words of a Christian minister, a life-long Liberal, and an English citizen, whose venerable age enables him to review the long series of wars and perils of war, beginning with the Crimea, through which England has passed during the last sixty years, and so to form a judgment on present issues by the light of events which are now historical. To that judgment I yield a respectful and profound assent.

"I trust," says the Bishop, "that every Englishman will do his part." What was my part to be? I was, and am, even painfully conscious of my own limitations, but I could not hesitate to place my powers, limited though they are, at the disposal of him who has the best right to command them. The desired opportunity came in the conjuncture of two unforeseen events. The Editor of the *Daily News* asked me to contribute some comments on the subject which is now engrossing all hearts and minds ;

and his letter was promptly followed by another, from a different quarter, containing these words: "As for yourself, your family name is one that represents strength in the times of stress in our history. You can do good service by writing, and keeping the national resolution firm."

Those words "set" me, as Burke says, "on thinking," and on thinking about a subject which does not habitually occupy my thoughts —my pedigree. Re-reading it, I found that, of the eleven direct paternal ancestors who connect me with the first Earl of Bedford, each one has served the State in some public capacity. Some of them, as I may say without immodesty, had a principal share in the establishment of the Constitution under which we live; and I believe that I cannot better emulate them than by endeavouring to "keep the national resolution firm" at a crisis which threatens not only our Constitution, but our very existence as a sovereign State.

The Body Politic seems to require just now both a sedative and a tonic—both can be found in our national record. Modern history begins, not, as we used to be taught, with the reign of

Henry VII., but with the French Revolution. If we consider, with the aid which documents and traditions supply, the manner in which, since 1792, England has borne herself at home while her armies abroad were fighting for her life, we shall learn from the examples of our not remote forefathers the lessons which should guide our conduct to-day. They are not the lessons of vainglory, and they are not the lessons of panic. They are the lessons of that calm and resolute endurance by which nations, as well as individuals, make their souls their own.

The authorized version of the New Testament holds in thrall the memory of English-speaking people; but we must often turn to the Revised Version if we wish to perceive the exact force and bearing of a phrase. So here. Few words are more familiar than these: "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. . . . But there shall not a hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls." The last sentence is an injunction, not always easy of fulfilment, but the Revised Version turns the injunction into a promise, and doubles its

significance: "In your patience ye shall win your souls."

That is precisely the promise which has again and again been made good to England during war-time, and which, if only we are faithful to our traditions, will be made good to us again. No work is nobler or more beneficent than the creation of a national temper at once calm, enduring, and resolute; and that is the temper which, again and again, has been wrought in the English people by the dreadful discipline of war. To glorify war is easy enough—any fool and any villain can do it; and people who are neither fools nor villains are constantly seduced into the same error. By some strange irony of perverted patriotism, clergymen of all confessions are, as a rule, enthusiastically bellicose, and even such a man as Bishop Westcott, who presided over a Peace Society, went into pious raptures over our performances in South Africa. Sydney Smith, differing in this respect as in many others from the majority of his order, wrote thus:—

"How easy it is to shed human blood—how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so—and that the decision has cost

us a severe struggle—how much in all ages have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind—how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection!"

Soldiers, who know the realities of war, are always reticent. Who ever heard a survivor of the Crimea or the Mutiny talk with complacency of what he had seen and done? "Boys," said General Sherman to the students at West Point, "you think war is all glory: I tell you it is all hell." It is a hell which every patriot must, either directly or indirectly, sometimes face. But we English people have learnt from our forefathers to face it calmly, quietly, patiently, "unboasting and unafraid."

To glorify war is simply a denial of Christian morality. It is to say, in act as well as in word, "Evil, be thou my good." But to glorify war is one thing: to endure it is another. It has the power, as we see just now in Belgium, to arouse those devilish passions which lie deep in human nature and which civilization only, and barely, suffices to restrain; and yet, like all the other evils of human life,

it can, by right handling, be made to yield an ultimate good to those who suffer most heavily from its infliction. Such a good we all shall gain if, through the experiences of these appalling weeks, we "win our souls"—not merely "possess" them, as things already our own; but make them our own, as they never were before, by strong self-conquest and resolute endurance.

When Napoleon I. was contemplating his attack upon our shores, he assured his Minister of Marine that it would be easy, by creating disturbance in other parts of the world, to lull England into a false security, for "there's nothing," he said, "so shortsighted as the English Government. It is a Government absorbed in Party politics (*chicanes interieures*), which turns its attention wherever there is a noise." Commenting on this incident three years ago Mr. Julian Corbett said, "It was an error not confined to Napoleon, or his age, to assume that the energy and spirit with which British politicians play the Parliamentary game denote incapacity for war and real statesmanship, or at least neglect and blindness in large imperial issues."

Just now England is passing through the hardest struggle which she has known since Waterloo. I shall try to show the spirit which bore her through the successive war-clouds of the nineteenth century, and the self-discipline by which she made her soul her own.

CHAPTER II

SOME LESSONS FROM THE PAST

O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.—*The Litany.*

WHEN I was young I sedulously cultivated old society. Thus it comes to pass that I, who was born in 1853, have talked to people who vividly remembered the French War of 1793–1815. Clapham Common is a place of peaceful associations, but Marianne Thornton, the last survivor of the "Clapham Sect," could remember Hannah More, as they walked together across the Common, exclaiming: "Thank God, the wind has changed, and it will be dead in Boney's teeth when his flotilla tries to cross." Miss Thornton lived till 1887; and in the same year died Mrs. Hoare (mother of the late Sir Henry Hoare), who remembered dancing at a children's party which was abruptly broken up because the hostess

heard that the King of France had been beheaded. My uncle, Lord Russell, died in 1878, and had talked in Elba to Napoleon, who made the truly characteristic observation about war: "Eh bien! c'est un grand jeu, une belle occupation"; and my father's cousin, the sixth Lord Albemarle, fought at Waterloo and lived till 1891.

The way in which England bore herself during the long struggle which these old people so distinctly remembered is the subject of my present study; and it is full of salutary lessons for a time scarcely less anxious.

Just before the commencement of hostilities Henry Dundas said to Edmund Burke, who had done more than any one man to inflame the public mind against France: "Well, Mr. Burke, we must go to war, but it will be a very short war," to which Burke made answer: "You must indeed go to war, but you greatly mistake in thinking that it will soon be over; it will be a very long war, and a very dangerous war, but it is unavoidable."

Long and dangerous, indeed! Before ten years were over the greatest genius that the world has ever seen was wading through

slaughter to a universal throne, and no effective check had been offered to his progress. "Bonaparte is as swift and as terrible as the lightning of God—would he were as transient." In 1802 William Wilberforce wrote: "Our national integrity and good faith render us unfit to enter on Continental alliances. We cannot keep or break engagements as it suits the convenience of the moment." In the following year he wrote: "We could not resist 40,000 men from getting to London;" but later in that year, when an army of Volunteers had responded to the national call, he uttered a sigh of relief: "London is now thought safe, for the French cannot, from a flotilla, land an army of many together." The excitements of the present moment are curiously anticipated in a letter written by Hannah More in 1804:—

"Being able to do little or nothing to serve our country, it occurred to us as a sacrifice which it would become us to make, that I should write and offer to give up Barley Wood to the commanding officers at Bristol to be entirely at their disposal in the event of the French actually landing at Uphill, eight miles

distant, or a partial use of our house in the meantime."

The respite from anxiety was short-lived. Nelson had died on his bed of glory. Wellington was still learning the art of conquest under Indian suns. Pitt, who was truly what Canning styled him, "The Pilot that weathered the storm," sank beneath the pressure of the long-continued agony; and all the powers of the State, which even when wielded by genius had barely sufficed to protect us, lapsed into the hands of mediocrity. It was indeed, if ever there was, a time which might produce national despondency, and that indolence which despondency naturally engenders. Let us see how England endured it.

Of our naval and military achievements there is no need to speak. They are the commonplaces of our history. Year in, year out, we fought the battle of freedom by land and sea,

> "Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
> On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down."

Our forces abroad were worthily backed at home. The Militia amounted to 100,000 men,

the Yeomanry to more than 400,000, the Volunteers to more than 341,000. Here again tradition serves me. There must be many besides myself to whom the name of "Poodle Byng" was in early days a household word. The bearer of it, Frederick Byng, a son of the fifth Lord Torrington, was born in 1784, and lived till 1871. He had been an ensign in the "St. George's Volunteer Infantry" in 1803, and joined the ranks of the Queen's Westminsters in 1859, when Napoleon III. seemed bent on attempting what Napoleon I. had failed to accomplish fifty years before.

Zachary Macaulay (father of the historian) shares with Wilberforce and Clarkson the honour of having abolished the Slave Trade, and a more pacific society than that in which these good men dwelt cannot well be conceived; yet this is their record in time of war :—

"Busy as Macaulay and his friends were, they never hesitated to sacrifice their time and interests to the call of patriotic duty; and, during these years, gloomy with rumours of danger and threatened war, Macaulay and

Henry Thornton were among the most active in seconding the exertions of Lord Teignmouth, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. Macaulay marched at the head of a company of the Clapham Volunteers, his austere features overshadowed by a bearskin, while Charles and Robert Grant appeared as extemporized dragoons."

The nearness of the peril which beset us may be gathered from William Wilberforce's correspondence. On September 7, 1808, he wrote from Eastbourne—

"This coast was made an iron frontier to resist the attack of our opposite neighbour. Yet, ironed as we are, two or three shabby little privateers who, as far as we know, had not one cannon among them, came off the coast about a week ago, took four or five vessels close to the land, so near that when one was captured even musketry would have reached them, and hovered for ten or twelve hours so near as would have forfeited them to the Crown under the Smuggling Acts; yet, though we have a force of 1500 troops, a corps of engineers, a fort which must have cost two or three hundred thousand pounds, flying artillery, etc., not a hair of the head of a Frenchman was injured, nor a feather in his wing discomposed. Where

there was a cannon, there was no ammunition; where a favourable situation, no cannon; the officers were all out of the way, though the affair lasted so long; and, as for a ship of war, it was a nondescript. I must say I seldom have been more provoked than to see thirty or forty poor fellows carried into a French gaol, when the slightest preparation for resistance by those who are paid and maintained for the sole purpose of resistance, would have prevented all the mischief."

And this was no unique experience. On September 6, 1813, Wilberforce wrote from Sandgate—

"A merchant vessel, lying just under the signal-post in perfect security, because no indication was given of an enemy being at sea, was boarded without resistance, and carried into Calais by a privateer (which had been in sight for full four hours, and was known all the time to be an enemy), because the commanding officer at the signal-post was absent partridge-shooting. He would not have been so much to blame, but that he knew—what all who reside hereabouts know—that, when the wind blows strong from the south-west, the ships of war which protect this part of the Channel are forced to bear away for the next bay, between Dungeness and Beachy Head."

No wonder that, looking back on this perilous time from the close of his long life, Wilberforce wrote of "that warmth of gratitude, which I own I think is far too little felt by my countrymen, even by the considerate and serious of them, towards the great Disposer of all things, for having delivered us from the imminent danger to which we were exposed, if not of becoming the prey of that ferocious and unprincipled tyrant, yet of having our country the seat of warfare, with all the unspeakable and almost inconceivable evils and miseries which we must have endured, though we had been ultimately victorious. One of Buonaparte's generals, in the true spirit of his school (Angereau, I think), is said to have declared: 'Let me land with 100,000 men in England, and I do not say that I will keep possession of the country for France, but this I say, the country shall be brought into such a state that no Englishman shall be able to live in it with comfort for a hundred years to come.'"

But all this may be considered the ordinary experience of a nation at war. What is remarkable is that, through all this long-continued strain of defensive operations, England never lost sight of her high prerogative of teaching

the nations how to live. The very stress of the time forced her to new activities, quite outside the sphere of life immediately affected by the war. The last years of the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century were marked by a strong revival of religion. Robert Southey wrote: "Unless I deceive myself, the state of religion in these kingdoms is better at this time than it has been at any other since the first fervour of the Reformation. Knowledge is reviving as well as zeal, and zeal is taking the best direction." There was an extraordinary outbreak of what may be called aggressive Christianity. The Church Missionary Society and the Religious Tract Society were founded in 1799. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in 1804, the British and Foreign School Society in 1807, and the National Society for the Education of the Poor in 1811. During this period William Wilberforce, while never relaxing his support of the measures deemed essential for the safety of the country, persevered Session after Session in his labours for the abolition of the slave-trade, till his Bill received the Royal Assent in 1807. Samuel

Tuke among doctors, and Lord Robert Seymour among politicians, were making the first attempts to secure the humane treatment of lunatics; Samuel Romilly was mitigating the Penal Code; Elizabeth Fry responded to the Divine call which bade her devote herself to the reformation of prisons; Hannah More laboured, even at the risk of life, for the reclamation of villages sunk in barbarism, and incessantly plied an extraordinarily facile pen in the support of moral and religious causes.

Too often the fact that a nation is engaged in war has been made the excuse for political lethargy. But it was not so with the stout patriots of the Napoleonic period. Pitt seized the opportunity to consolidate, as he hoped, the union between England and Ireland, and, though the experience of a century has shown that his policy was unsuccessful, it was at least a bold stroke of statesmanship. Grey began those efforts for Parliamentary reform which were eventually crowned by the Act of 1832. Sydney Smith threw all the resources of his unique genius into the cause of Roman Catholic emancipation, and in "Peter Plymley's Letters"

made the national peril the main ground of his appeal. What consummate folly, he said, at a moment when England needed every soldier she could get, and not least the Irish with their genius for war, to keep Ireland permanently disaffected by our religious intolerance! "When the population of half the globe is up in arms against us, are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for Holy Orders, and suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with us about the XXXIX. Articles?"

In the intellectual sphere the time was specially productive. Cowper's sad life was drawing to its close, but "The Castaway," written in 1799, showed his genius in unabated vigour. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron raised English poetry to a height of glory which it had not known since Milton died. Scott attained a twofold fame, considerable in poetry and in fiction consummate. Hoppner and Raeburn and Lawrence continued the splendid tradition of portrait-painting which they had received from Reynolds and Gainsborough. Constable and Turner founded a new school of landscape-painting; Flaxman

and Chantrey showed England what sculpture could accomplish; Kemble and Kean and Mrs. Siddons adorned the stage. Science was as active as art. Jenner invented vaccination; Trevithick patented the locomotive; Pollock applied gaslight to domestic life.

It is needless to prolong this chapter of creative energy. Enough has been said to show that throughout a long period of national peril the spirit of our forefathers never surrendered itself to panic or to lethargy. Rulers ruled and leaders led; soldiers and sailors fought; the people at large backed their defenders at an enormous sacrifice; yet, through all the hurly-burly, religion and literature and art, and social and political reform, not only went on their way unchecked, but seemed animated to a new activity. Is it too much to say that, through the salutary discipline of long endurance, England "won her soul"?

CHAPTER III

AFTER FORTY YEARS

So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let all that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. And the land had rest forty years.—*Book of Judges.*

ONE of the most thrilling chapters of the Old Testament ends with this triumphant sentence. I am tempted to apply the sentence, and indeed the whole chapter, to the history of England between Waterloo and the Crimea; but it can only be so applied with a great deal of qualification. England had what Israel had not—a vast Empire lying outside its geographical limits, and on one fringe or another of that territory trouble was constantly arising. In India, and Burma, and Egypt, and Afghanistan, and China, our fathers fought with varying degrees of justification, and with a success which they did not always deserve. But the peace of Europe remained unbroken, and here in England we were too much concerned

with our struggle for civil and religious liberty, with the modification of our Parliamentary system, and with the reconstruction of our commerce, to take very much heed of the "little wars"—some of them not so very little—which we were waging in remote parts of the earth. So, in a sense, "the land had rest forty years," or, to be pedantically accurate, for thirty-nine.

Towards the end of the year 1852 a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was seen to hover over the Holy Places of Jerusalem. The Greek and Roman Churches contended for the custody of those sacred spots which are associated with the most august events of human history, and are, therefore, the common heritage of the whole Christian family. The demands of the rival Churches were supported respectively by Russia and France, and to this cause of dispute was soon added a formal claim on the part of the Czar to a Protectorate over all the Christian subjects of the Porte. Just at this moment the government of England was passing into the hands of an ill-starred coalition of Peelite Tories, Whigs, and Liberals. Lord John Russell entered the coalition as Foreign Secretary; and, with reference to the disputes

at Jerusalem, he wrote to our Ambassador at Paris: "When we reflect that the quarrel is for exclusive privileges in a spot near which the heavenly host proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill towards men — when we see rival Churches contending for mastery in the very place where Christ died for mankind — the spectacle is melancholy indeed."

The question of the Holy Places was, of course, a mere pretext. Russia and Turkey had an age-long quarrel, religious, racial, and political. Louis Napoleon, who had just made himself Emperor of a Roman Catholic country, was naturally anxious to conciliate the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore urged the Sultan to support the Roman, as against the Greek, claim. Kinglake charges the Emperor with the initial responsibility for the war, and Lord John Russell, writing at the time, supports the charge. Russia saw the danger that threatened; and in July, 1853, her army crossed the Pruth, and occupied the Danubian principalities, which, by the Treaty of Balta Liman, were to be evacuated by the forces both of the Czar and the Sultan, and not to be entered by either except for the repression of internal disturbance.

This action on the part of Russia created a situation of the utmost gravity. It clearly brought her within measurable distance of war with Turkey, and France was certain to come to Turkey's assistance. In this conjuncture England might have taken one or other of two courses, either of which, if plainly announced and persistently followed, would probably have averted war. The alternatives were to inform Turkey that England would render her no assistance; or to warn Russia that, if she went to war, England would fight for Turkey.

Our traditional policy, sanctioned by the greatest names of our political history, was clear enough. First let me quote the testimony of Lord Holland, who linked the reign of Queen Victoria to the great days of George III.

"The anti-social race which now enjoys the throne of the Constantines considers itself naturally at war with every nation with which it has not entered into a formal treaty of peace. Mr. Addison said there was no absurdity to which people, by talking and writing politics, might not be brought; still, he did not believe it possible that there could be persons in England who could think that we were

interested in the prosperity of the Ottoman Empire. Almost every man who had held office, and had authority, stated that the opinion of Lord Chatham was that we should never have any kind of connexion with the Ottoman Porte. In 1772, our Allies, the Russians, sent a great fleet into the Mediterranean for the purpose of overpowering the Turks. What was the policy of this country? To assist the Russian Navy."

The great name of Chatham is scarcely greater than that of Burke, and here is Burke's testimony—

"I have never before heard it held forth that the Turkish Empire has ever been considered as any part of the Balance of Power in Europe. They despise and condemn all Christian princes as infidels, and only wish to subdue and exterminate them and their people! What have those worse than savages to do with the Powers of Europe, but to spread war, destruction, and pestilence amongst them? The Ministers and the policy which shall give those people any weight in Europe will deserve all the bans and curses of posterity."

Speaking on the Eastern Question in 1820 Sir James Mackintosh said—

"It is bare justice to Russia to say that her dealings with the Ottoman Empire for the last seven years have been marked with as great forbearance as the conduct of that power has been distinguished by continual insolence and incorrigible contumacy. If any are disposed to deny this, let them look to the history of the Servian Deputies, and they must admit that, if Russia is to be blamed at all, it is rather for the long patience she has exercised than for any premature interference."

In 1828, Lord John Russell told the same tale.

"We believe the battle of Navarino to have been a glorious victory, and a necessary consequence of the Treaty of London. Turkey is spoken of constantly as 'our ancient ally.' Now the fact is that there had never been any alliance between Turkey and this country prior to 1799."

But now the inherent weakness of the coalition, founded on an attempted amalgamation of really immiscible elements, produced a fatal indecision. The Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, wished England to stand aloof; Lord Palmerston wished her to support Turkey; and, generally speaking, the Peelites were a

shade more pacific than the Whigs. Thus halting between two opinions, the country, in Lord Clarendon's phrase, "drifted towards war." Russia declared war against Turkey in November, 1853, and in March, 1854, it was announced that England had declared war against Russia.

John Bright was once walking with one of his sons—then a schoolboy—past the Guards' Monument in Waterloo-place. The boy caught sight of the solitary word "CRIMEA" inscribed on the base, and asked his father what it meant. Bright's answer was as emphatic as the inscription: "A crime." It was indeed a crime, a grave, a disastrous, and a wanton crime, that committed Christian England to a war in defence of the great anti-Christian Power. "I have never," said George Anthony Denison, in "Notes of My Life," "I have never forgotten the day when I saw the Cross and the Crescent on the same flag in the streets of London. . . . With whom remained the honours of the Crimean War? With whom the substantial success? I believe both to have remained with Russia. On one side was Russia; on the other, England, France, Italy, and

Turkey. Russia could not save her city, but she saved her honour, and was content to wait, and bide her time." Now that, sixty years later, we are fighting side by side with Russia, it is a pleasure to recall those words.

At first the Crimean War was, as most wars are, extremely popular in England. The term "Jingo" had not then been invented: but the spirit which it embodies is always an active force in English life, and it was fomented by Palmerston, who had a fanatical hatred of Russia, and a foolish belief in the virtues of Turkey. But, as the months went on, the indiscriminate bellicosity, which does not care on what side it fights as long as it is fighting, was reinforced by a worthier sentiment. The sufferings of our soldiers stirred England to its depths. To the inseparable evils of war—bloodshed and sickness—were added the horrors of a peculiarly cruel winter, and a vast amount of unnecessary privation and hardship, due to divided responsibility and to an inconceivable clumsiness of organization. England had lost some twenty-four thousand men, of whom five-sixths died from preventible diseases, and the want of proper food, clothing, and shelter. The

righteous indignation produced by these disclosures led, as we all know, to the mission of Florence Nightingale, and so, indirectly, to a complete, though gradual, revolution in the science and art of nursing. The strong indignation of the country precipitated a change of Ministry, and so secured a greatly more effective prosecution of the campaign. Our soldiers fought, though in a thoroughly bad cause, with a bravery worthy of the best. Alma, Balaclava, Sebastopol, Inkerman, and Kars are names which England can never forget; and in March, 1856, we brought to a rather lame conclusion a war which we ought never to have begun.

Of course, the history of 1853–1856 is mainly the history of the war; but the experience of forty years earlier was repeated, and even in the stress of conflict and just indignation England did not forget the higher side of life. The poets claim the first place. In 1854 Tennyson, moved by the report of Balaclava, burst out in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; and Charles Kingsley wrote: "As for a ballad, I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so that I cannot sit down and make 'fiddle' rhyme with 'diddle' about it, or 'blundered'

with 'hundred,' like Alfred Tennyson, who is no Tyrtaeus, though he has a glimpse of what Tyrtaeus ought to be." In 1855 came "Maud," which was by most people regarded as a mere ebullition of war-frenzy, although Tennyson had carefully guarded himself against that misinterpretation by the words

> "I swear to you lawful and lawless war
> Are scarcely even akin."

Yet it is a relief to turn from the din of drums and trumpets to the wistful music of "Requiescat" and "The Scholar-Gipsy," which Matthew Arnold published in 1853; to Newman's Stanzas on Greece, or even to Kingsley's Ode to the North-East Wind. At the same time, Macaulay was completing his History of England; Ruskin was at work on "Modern Painters" and "Lectures on Architecture"; Dickens published "Hard Times" and "Little Dorrit," Thackeray "The Newcomes," and Kingsley "Westward Ho!" Meanwhile John Bright was delivering those speeches on the Crimean War which are perhaps the highest triumphs of his genius. Of this, I think, we may be confident—that as long as English

oratory is read, "the Angel of Death" and "the stormy Euxine" will not be forgotten.

While Bright, true to his traditions, was denouncing war, Lord John Russell, true to himself, was proposing Parliamentary reform. Even when the war-cloud was just bursting over our heads, he insisted on bringing in a Bill to secure some slight enlargement of the franchise, and yielded with a very bad grace to the pressure of his colleagues, who thought it inopportune. A more satisfactory piece of legislation was the Bill for the reform of the Universities, which was passed in 1854, and, in its ultimate results, has made Oxford and Cambridge really national institutions. Still more satisfactory was the reconstruction, even in the midst of the war, of the General Board of Health, and the vigorous course of sanitary reform which it undertook. This was done under Palmerston's influence, and perhaps, in the long run, he saved as many lives by sanitary legislation as he wasted in the Crimea—but this is speculation.

In closing the survey of these years, I must recall three names which, because they belong to the region of the spirit and the

conscience, are more permanently important than those of soldiers or politicians. In 1854 Spurgeon first preached in London; Maurice founded the Working Men's College; and Pusey prepared his vindication of Eucharistic doctrine. Here were three teachers whose influence the lapse of sixty years has not exhausted; and to them must be added a fourth, if only for the sake of his memorable protest against a premature and dishonourable peace—

"I know what would be told me, by those who have suffered nothing; whose domestic happiness has been unbroken; whose daily comfort undisturbed; whose experience of calamity consists, at its utmost, in the incertitude of a speculation, the dearness of a luxury, or the increase of demands upon their fortune which they could meet fourfold without inconvenience. From these, I can well believe, be they prudent economists, or careless pleasure-seekers, the cry for peace will rise alike vociferously, whether in street or senate. But I ask *their* witness, to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor

watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds, without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-line—who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and well with theirs; that they would not have it otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England." *

* Ruskin, "Modern Painters."

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIAN AGONY

Justice and mercy are the supreme attributes of the perfection which we call Deity, but all men everywhere comprehend them; there is no speech nor language in which their voice is not heard, and they cannot be vainly exercised with regard to the docile and intelligent millions of India.—*John Bright.*

Is it lawful under any circumstances to destroy human life? This is a question which every serious citizen must have often pondered. It applies not only to war, but also to capital punishment and to personal self-defence. The Society of Friends, as we know, answers in the negative; and we must admit there is a good deal in the New Testament which seems at first sight to justify their answer. But the huge majority of Christian people, at all times and in all countries, has decided otherwise. It is contrary to the Christian ethic for a man to avenge an injury done to himself; but men, acting as citizens, are trustees for others. The question

of personal injury does not enter into the calculation. The State as a whole wields its power for the protection of the individuals who compose it—in some cases, for the larger interests of humanity—and the sacrifice of human life may be the only, though it is the most awful, method by which right can be enforced. We consign a murderer to execution, not because he has injured us individually, but because he has violated a primary law of God and man. We declare war against a tyrannical Government because we are trustees for the life and liberty and happiness of others, and war is the only argument which tyrants understand. Wars of aggression are colossal crimes; and, as we look down the long battle-line of human history, we see them recurring with a lamentable regularity; but here and there we can discern a war which was wholly just, and an effusion of human blood which was not lawful only but necessary. If ever the sword was rightly drawn, it was drawn by England for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; and, if ever a nation at home endured the sympathetic suffering of a distant campaign, England endured that suffering in 1857–1858.

In dealing with the events of those tragical years, there is no need to rely on tradition. There are soldiers still alive who were transferred, within the space of a very few months, from the frozen trenches of the Crimea to the scorching skies of Bengal or the Punjab ; and there are plenty of people who can recall among their early memories the long agony of England while the events in India were only suspected or known in part, and the passionate cry for vengeance which arose when at length the veil was lifted.

At the beginning of 1857 the Indian Army consisted of three hundred thousand men. But of these only forty thousand were Europeans, and less than thirty thousand were troops from England, the remainder having been raised in India itself. "Sepoy," though the word soon came to bear an odious significance, means simply "soldier" ; and the Government of India reposed with absolute confidence on the loyalty of the Sepoys, or native army. But, under the surface, there were disturbing influences at work.

Mr. Herbert Paul has justly remarked, in his admirable "History of Modern England,"

that the causes of the Indian Mutiny were deeper and wider than the question of greased cartridges from which it immediately sprang. "India is, for the most part, intensely conservative, and imbued with the spirit of Caste." The great acquisitions of the Punjab, of Lower Burmah, and of Oude, excited less hostility than the changes introduced into the internal economy of the protected States. "Lord Dalhousie* had many noble qualities, but he lacked imagination. He could not understand that the inhabitants of an Indian State might prefer oppression to freedom, and misgovernment to change." From time immemorial, it had been the unquestioned right of Indian chiefs to leave their people as legacies to whom they would; and the partial suppression of this "adoptive principle," as it was called, was a revolutionary change. "To permit the remarriage of Hindoo widows was a just and salutary reform, but it gave offence to the orthodox Hindoos, and was by them regarded as a step in a prearranged system of proselytism." Dalhousie was succeeded by the amiable and equable Canning; and Canning proposed to

* Governor-General from 1847 to 1856.

alter the terms of enlistment for native soldiers, by which the Government was precluded from sending them across the sea. "He forgot or ignored the fact that crossing the sea might mean loss of Caste."

Through this series of events, and of others like them, a belief had grown up in Bengal, in the Punjab, in Oude, and especially among the native soldiers, that it was the settled intention of the Paramount Power to destroy their religion and their caste, and so to imperil their future in this world and the next. This widespread misgiving was reinforced by a strange accident. The disuse of the old "Brown Bess," and the substitution of the Enfield rifle, made it necessary that the cartridges should be greased. A fatal rumour found its way among the Sepoys that the cartridges were greased with the fat of cows, which to the Hindoos are sacred, and the fat of pigs, which to the Mahomedans are an abomination. This report united against the Paramount Power the two great creeds and races of India. Unrest and discontent increased day by day, and broke out at the beginning of February, 1857, at Barrackpore, sixteen miles from

Calcutta, where the men refused to touch the cartridges. This outbreak was suppressed, but the Mutiny had begun; and there was only one European regiment between Calcutta and Dinapore, a distance of 400 miles in length, and of enormous breadth.

The tidings of the Mutiny first reached England at the beginning of June, 1857, and, from that time on, each week brought its tale of ever-increasing terror and horror. The most sluggish imagination can picture the agony which England had to endure. Every one had a kinsman, a friend, or an acquaintance in India, a scattered few amid incalculable millions, who were believed (though without reason) to be universally hostile. Our English soldiers were known to be lamentably few, and rumour alleged that the native army had revolted to a man.

And a yet darker cloud overhung the distance. Englishmen might take care of themselves. At any rate they would hold their own, and sell their lives dear. But almost every English civilian in India had a wife and family. What was to be the fate of the women and the children? No direct or

swift communication was possible. There was no electric telegraph. The posts were slow and uncertain. The newspapers vied with each other in propagating unverified horrors. In this moment of heartrending uncertainty England betook herself to prayer. Many can still remember the crowded churches, the mournful hymns, the fastings and humiliations and passionate intercessions. There lies before me as I write a noble sermon by Dr. Vaughan, then Head Master of Harrow, and still well remembered as the Master of the Temple: "We know not, indeed, with any certainty, in whose behalf such prayers are still in time to be offered. Whether, it may be, those two or three spots to which, across wastes of sea and land, every eye is at this moment turned with an agony of interest, have been permitted still to escape the horrors which other places have witnessed—whether succour has reached them—whether they are still waiting for it—or whether, longer endurance being impossible, they have already succumbed to a fate too fearful for description—these things are visible to God only." And, just as in all human experience the counterfeit always

accompanies the reality, there were many who, maddened by the torture of uncertainty, turned to the newly-invented cozenage of spiritualism and table-turning, and sought to learn the fate of their beloved ones through the debasing oracles of "Mr. Sludge, the Medium."

Presently some half-frenzied refugees, landing from India at Southampton, brought the tidings of the massacre of Cawnpore. There is no need to repeat in detail that most terrible of "ower true tales." It has been written, once for all, by Sir George Trevelyan, who visited the scene within four years of the occurrence, and compiled his narrative from official records. The barest facts, as historically verified, suffice. After being captured by an act of the grossest treachery, a hundred and twenty men and women were imprisoned in Cawnpore. The men were killed at once; and, as soon as the Nana heard that English troops were arriving, he caused the English ladies and their little children to be hacked to pieces in cold blood. When the news reached England, Lord Macaulay, a man as humane as he was just, wrote thus in his diary: "It is painful

to be so revengeful as I feel myself. I, who cannot bear to see a beast or bird in pain, could look on without winking while Nana Sahib underwent all the tortures of Ravaillac."

The truth was bad enough in all conscience, and abundantly justified—nay, imperiously demanded—the stern and solemn punishment which followed it. England showed, not for the first or the last time, that she does not bear the sword in vain. But there was a prurient and lying spirit abroad that added to the truth a maddening tale of outrage and mutilation, which, before it could be proved baseless, transformed a righteous demand for punishment into a bestial passion of revenge. Those hateful falsehoods evoked from the depths of our nature the sombre and ferocious instincts which civilization, which religion itself, can never wholly eradicate. Even the great Lord Shaftesbury fell a victim to the deceit, and, with all the emphasis which belonged to his exalted character, proclaimed what Sir George Trevelyan calls "the fables which it is our misfortune that we once believed, and our shame if we ever stoop to repeat."

But though England contained no nobler heart than Shaftesbury's, she contained wiser and cooler heads. In September, 1857, Lord Granville was writing to his friend the Governor-General, who, by his steady resistance to the cry for indiscriminate bloodshed, gained the glorious nickname of "Clemency Canning," and he thus reported a recent conversation at Balmoral: "The Queen and the Prince Consort take what I think the sensible view of the punishments—great severity for the real culprits; transportation where death is not required; great care to spare the innocent, women, and children, etc.; and *no Vandal destruction of towns, palaces, etc.*" I italicize these words in remembrance of Louvain.

These just and temperate counsels, which in time overcame the hideous din of panic-mongers and vengeance-lovers, were in close accordance with the noble action of our forces in India. No one can accuse such men as Nicholson and Neill and Hodson of mawkish clemency. Justice was done, and done in a fashion which will never be forgotten; but Henry and John Lawrence, and Herbert Edwardes, and Patrick Grant, and Colin Campbell, and James Outram,

and Henry Havelock with his "Regiment of Saints," had other work on hand than the punishment of mutiny and murder. It was their task to re-establish an Empire. Against odds too great to be counted, these men saved India for the British Crown. Cawnpore and Lucknow and Delhi are names which will be remembered as long as English history is read; but all good citizens must recall, with equal honour, the splendid work of social and political reconstruction which was the first result of our victory. To-day we are reaping its fruits in the chivalrous loyalty of the Princes and people of India.

When the present war broke out, a young Mah Rajah, still "under tutors and governors," expressed his desire to serve. But this desire was discouraged on the ground that to hazard the prince's life might disturb the internal economy of his State. Nothing daunted, he addressed himself direct to the Viceroy. "I think it very hard that I should not be allowed to do my duty to the King-Emperor. My people are going in thousands, and they will despise me if I stay at home. It is true that I am only sixteen; but at sixteen an Indian is

a man. So I pray your Excellency to let me go."

The prayer was not refused; and the fact that it was offered is a fine tribute to the qualities of British rule.

CHAPTER V

ON THE BRINK

The Emperor is as *unlike* a *Frenchman* as possible, being much more *German* than French in character . . . I believe that he would not hesitate to do a thing by main force, even if in itself unjust and tyrannical, should he consider that the *accomplishment* of his *destiny* required it.

QUEEN VICTORIA (1855).

IN preceding chapters I have endeavoured to depict the calm and unvaunting courage with which England endured three great trials. I have shown that, under the severest stress of adverse circumstances, and of rumours more terrible than the truth itself, she still kept the plain path of civil and social duty, and,

> "Though doomed to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed—miserable train!—
> Turned the necessity to glorious gain."

I am now bending my thoughts to occasions when England escaped the actual experience of war, but stood on the brink of it; saving

herself by her civil virtue from the greatest of preventible disasters. The first of these occasions belongs to the year 1859.

The character of Napoleon III. is one of the most interesting studies in modern biography. It was dissected by the sagacity of Queen Victoria in the much-italicized passage which stands at the head of this chapter, and, more elaborately, by the master-hand of Kinglake in his "History of the Crimea." It accounts for much in the development of the events which we are now considering. To put the case plainly, no one could trust the Emperor of the French. In his obscure youth he had joined the Secret Society of the Carbonari, presumably with a view to participation in some revolutionary movement. He had broken with the Carbonari, and had become openly a pretender to the Imperial Throne of France. He had lived in England, as an ordinary member of society, while he was plotting designs against the friendly Government of Louis Philippe. After the revolution of 1848 he had taken suit and service under the Republic. He had been elected President by an enormous vote of the populace. During his Presidentship he said to

an English statesman who was visiting Paris: "I have obeyed a national call in accepting this office. I was bound by my name, and by my duty to France, to accept it. But the burden is heavy; and, when my term expires, you will see that I shall not offer myself for re-election."

These words proved to be true to the ear, but, after December 2, 1851, to be most untrue to the sense. Louis Napoleon broke his oath, violated the constitution, shed blood like water in the streets of Paris, sent his opponents into exile, and made himself Dictator.

Ten years of his arbitrary rule had destroyed his popularity. His throne now rested exclusively on the army, and it was necessary to keep the army in good humour by perpetual fighting. In April, 1859, he declared war on Austria, and an uneasy feeling pervaded England that, when he had disposed of Austria, he would direct his hostile attentions towards us. Tennyson expressed the national suspicion in a famous couplet—

> "True we have got—*such* a faithful ally,
> That only the Devil can tell what he means."

Lord Palmerston had laid down the principle

that "steam bridges the Channel," and Lord Derby, who succeeded him in 1858, acted on the hint. His Government added a large sum to the Naval Estimates, and they called into existence a great force of Volunteers. This was done under a statute passed in 1804, when England was straining every nerve against Napoleon, and, as I stated in a former chapter, there was at any rate one veteran who served both in the earlier and the later force.

Few movements have ever been more popular. Some ancient fogeys thought it "inglorious" that our regular army should be supplemented by a voluntary force. Clumsy humourists made bad jokes about our citizen-soldiers, and illustrated them with worse caricatures. There were some serious politicians who thought the whole notion of French invasion a panic and a scare; but the nation as a whole decided against them, and responded with a will to the call to arms.

"The Yew-tree used in old days to be planted in the shadow of the churches, so that our ancestors might cut their national weapon from ground hallowed by God's worship and

their fathers' graves," and now the Church came forward to sanction and to bless a great measure of national self-defence. At this time the vicar of Tunbridge Wells was a leading Evangelical called Hoare, whose ancestors had been Quakers; and his parishioners felt some doubt about his probable attitude towards the movement. This doubt was dispelled when he summoned the Volunteers of the district to a special service in the Parish Church, and, in the course of an animated sermon, expressed the pious hope that the first French soldier who presumed to set foot on Kentish soil might be shot by a Volunteer from Tunbridge Wells.

The rifle was then a comparatively new weapon, and the new force, being armed with it, were called "Riflemen" or "Rifle Volunteers." They furnished their own arms and accoutrements, and were drilled and taught by competent instructors. The new force had not been in existence three months when a General Election displaced Derby and returned Palmerston to power. A movement so entirely congenial to his sentiments was not likely to lack his active support. As soon as the new Parliament met, an Address was moved praying the Crown to

make grants for arms, accoutrements, and ammunition. The Tory Government had refused this on the ground of expense, but Sidney Herbert, now Secretary of State for War, cheerfully concurred. The "Gentlemen" of England, he said, had been aroused to a sense of their duty by the recent reorganization of the Militia on territorial principles. Now was the time to engage the "Middle Class." The Volunteers were to be a permanent addition to the Regular Army, and the Government would do their utmost to make as "perfect a soldier as possible" out of every man who joined. Matthew Arnold, who always gloried in being a member of the Middle Class, joined the Queen's Westminsters, and wrote thus in November, 1859 :—

"Far from being a measure dangerous by its arming the people—a danger to which some people are very sensitive—it seems to me that the establishment of these Rifle Corps will more than ever throw the power into the hands of the upper and middle classes, as it is of these that they are mainly composed, and these classes will thus have over the lower classes the superiority, not only of wealth and intelligence,

which they have now, but of physical force. I hope and think that the higher classes in this country have now so developed their consciences that this will do them no harm; still, it is a consequence of the present arming movement which deserves attention, and which is, no doubt, obscurely present to the minds of the writers of the cheap Radical newspapers who abuse the movement. The bad feature in the proceeding is the hideous English toadyism by which lords and great people are invested with the commands in the corps they join, quite without respect of any considerations of their efficiency. This proceeds from our national bane—the immense vulgar-mindedness and, so far, real inferiority, of the English middle classes."

On March 7, 1860, the Queen held a *levée* for the officers of the newly raised Rifle Volunteer Corps, and some 2,500 officers attended, representing an effective force of 70,000 men. By August the numbers had increased to 180,000, the majority of the battalions being so well organized, equipped, and trained as to be officially declared "fit to take their place with the Regulars on the field of action."

By these strenuous and salutary, yet quite unprovocative, measures, we averted the danger of attack from France, and England once again "won her soul" by dispelling panic and showing herself amply capable of self-defence.

But, while the Ministers and the country at large were thus occupied with naval and military organization, a private citizen was working towards the same end by trying to make France our friend. The method he chose was perhaps rather unromantic; but even commerce can be made to wear an aspect of romance when it is employed in the service of international peace. The citizen in question was Richard Cobden. He was an ardent pacificist, and at the Election of 1857 had lost his seat by opposing war with China; but, to use his own words, he was "so little disposed to place his country at the mercy of France, that he would, if necessary, spend one hundred millions sterling to maintain an irresistible superiority over France at sea." Yet, though he would not suffer France to conquer us, or even to hamper our commerce, he wished to be on friendly terms with her, and, true to the traditions of the Manchester School, he thought that this friendliness could

best be promoted by Free Trade between the two countries. He had declined a place in Palmerston's Government; and, as he chanced to be spending the winter of 1859–1860 in Paris, it struck him that he might be able, in a private and unofficial way, to help the cause of Free Trade between France and England.

To this extent his course was easy—that the Emperor, who was essentially a man of ideas, was more or less a Free Trader, and gladly embraced an opportunity of discussing fiscal questions with the man who had borne the principal part in the abolition of the English Corn Laws. As Cobden was acting without formal authority, and as the Emperor had no wish to create an economic controversy in France, where there was a strong element of Protectionism, both parties worked in secret, like two virtuous conspirators. The upshot of their consultations, as far as France was concerned, was an engagement virtually to remove all prohibitory duties on all the staples of British manufacture, and to reduce the duties on English coal and coke, bar-iron, and pig-iron, tools, machinery, yarn, flax, and hemp. England, for her part, promised to sweep away

all duties on manufactured goods, and to reduce greatly the duties on foreign wines.

When the negotiations had reached this prosaic but satisfactory point, Cobden and Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador, were made Joint Plenipotentiaries for the formal conclusion of a Commercial Treaty between the two countries, which was signed in January, 1860, and sanctioned by Gladstone's Budget three months later.

In England, the effect of this Treaty was even comically pacific. The Press, which throughout the summer and autumn had done all it could to foment distrust of the Emperor and to excite the terrors of all nervous people, now wheeled round, and showered compliments on the Imperial statesmanship and economic knowledge which had produced so beneficent a change in the relations between the two countries. Perhaps both the abuse and the praise were overdone; but the joint result of them was wholly beneficial. England no longer stood "on the brink of the precipice" of war; and she had rescued herself from the peril by two characteristic exercises of her national spirit. Uncoerced by civil or military compulsion, her

citizens had armed themselves in self-defence, and had let the world know that, if they were "a nation of shopkeepers," they meant to protect their shops. This done, England cherished no unworthy grudges, but let bygones be bygones, and laid the foundations of that friendship with France which in 1914 is guarding the liberties of Europe.

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

The great disgrace and danger of America is the existence of slavery, which, if not timeously corrected, will one day entail (and ought to entail) a bloody servile war upon the Americans; which will separate America into Slave States and States disclaiming slavery; and which remains at present as the foulest blot in the moral character of that people.

SYDNEY SMITH (1824).

I HAVE been writing about the condition and conduct of England in 1859–1860, when she stood "on the brink" of war with France. Now, I am considering a series of events which kept her, for a much longer period than two years, "on the brink" of an even more terrible precipice. A war between Great Britain and the United States would be, whichever way it ended, the greatest defeat of Christianity and civilization that the world ever beheld; and from 1861 to 1871 England was never very far removed from the "brink" of that immeasurable disaster.

For half-a-century the best minds of America had been moving, some rapidly, some slowly, but all certainly, towards the conclusion that slavery was an abomination—the one deep, black blot on the proud scutcheon of the United States. Politicians, philanthropists, economists, and social reformers reached the same end by different roads. Poets, orators, and writers of romance vied with each other in proclaiming the doctrine of abolition. And—more formidable still—the leaders of religious thought, the preachers of the Gospel, the accredited ministers of the poor and the oppressed, found it laid on their conscience to testify against this vast wrongdoing. In a word, the moral sense of the United States revolted against slavery, but by the Constitution it was left for each individual State to decide whether it should or should not maintain slavery within its borders. Some of the Abolitionist Party in the Northern States were beginning to agitate for a separation from the slave-owning States of the South, so as to avoid complicity in national wickedness. At the same time, the Southern States were beginning to look askance at the increase of Abolitionist opinion, and to

contemplate, on their side, a separation from those Northern States which were threatening their "peculiar institution."

At this crisis in a tremendous struggle for freedom and humanity, there emerged the figure of one who soon attained his place in the chosen band of the world's great heroes. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States on November 6, 1860. In view of what happened later, it is important to remember that Lincoln did not enter office with any preconceived purpose of abolishing slavery. He was a rigid Constitutionalist; he fully recognized the rights of each State to regulate its own internal affairs; but he was resolved to uphold the law, and, above all, to maintain the Union.

But the Southern States took fright. Their guilty consciences told them that, whatever the new President might intend, the forces which favoured emancipation were growing stronger. It seemed likely that the Southerners would soon lose their slaves, and with the slaves the value of their lands; and, with these disasters in prospect, they suddenly and openly renounced the Constitution. They would secede

from the Union, and establish a new confederacy of their own.

The first State to secede was South Carolina, closely followed by Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas; and later by Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The formal act of secession was for each seceding State to seize such forts and arsenals, belonging to the Union, as lay within its own dominions. During the months of December, 1860, and January and February, 1861, the newly-elected President watched the process of dismemberment in silence and inactivity, for, though chosen by the nation, he could not enter office till the 9th of March.

But while he watched, he meditated; and the fruit of his meditations was soon made known. In February the seceding States had met in formal conference, and had elected Jefferson Davis to be their President. This, of course, was flat and open rebellion; and as soon as Lincoln was installed in office he met it with an unmistakeable declaration. "I hold," he said, "that in the contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these

States is perpetual." Then, turning to the Southern States, he said: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you." He was as good as his word. He assailed nobody who was loyal to the Constitution; but against the rebel States he maintained an unrelenting war, which lasted from April, 1861, to April, 1865, when, having saved the Union, and having incidentally abolished slavery, he died by an assassin's hand.

It is greatly to be wished that an exact, unbiassed, and readable account of the American Civil War were within the reach of every Englishman; for nowhere else can we find a more stirring story of a long strife, ultimately victorious, for a moral cause.

How, during that strife, did England comport herself? The answer must be carefully pondered. As Burke shrank from the task of framing an indictment against a whole nation, so a careful chronicler will hesitate to indict a whole class. But, this caution being premised, it may be broadly said that during the American War the "upper classes" of this country

behaved badly, and what were called the "lower classes" behaved well. Shocking and grotesque though the admission be, we must admit that the upper classes of England sided with the cause of slavery, because they believed that the slave-owners were gentlemen. Mr. A. G. Bradley, who knows Virginia by heart, has treated this belief with righteous scorn. He can remember, in his school-days, the boyish cry of "Southern Gentlemen and Northern Cads," due, in great part, to the Christy Minstrel songs, which had then just come into fashion. "There was a vague notion that 'ole massa' must be a sort of aristocrat, and that a man who had a negro to 'bresh away de blue-tail fly' must be a gentleman." A similar conviction, under other forms, may often be detected at the base of our social institutions. Even Thackeray succumbed to the delusion; and we cannot be surprised that "the gigantic myth of the Cavalier and Aristocrat capers in the background of the unhistorical, sanguine, Virginian imagination." The Virginians, according to Mr. Bradley, were not cavaliers or aristocrats, or even, in the usual sense of the term, gentlemen. "They were

farmers, handicapped by the deplorably slip-shod methods of servile negro labour." They hated the "Yankees," because the Yankees were trying to crush their rebellion and free their slaves; and they induced nine-tenths of English society to take them at their own valuation. The upper classes were insistent, in season and out of season, with their demand that England should take up arms for the South, and they were boundlessly indignant when the Government, of which Palmerston was now head, issued a proclamation of neutrality. In spite of this official declaration of national policy, the Liberal leaders, as a body, behaved very ill. They repeated the shibboleths of party. They insisted on the sacredness of State Rights. They attributed to a vulgar lust of dominion the splendid energy with which Lincoln maintained the inviolability of the Union.

Above all, they were blind to the moral element which, since the question of slavery had become involved, dominated the whole controversy. Perhaps the most lamentable utterance—considering who spoke it—was that of Mr. Gladstone, who at that moment had

scarcely emerged from the Tory and slave-owning traditions of his early manhood: "We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup—they are still trying to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink of. We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation." *

Over against this deplorable judgment must be set the noble saying of the Duke of Argyll,

* In a memorandum dated July, 1896, Mr. Gladstone thus apologized for this signal error—

"That my opinion was founded upon a false estimate of the facts was the very least part of my fault. I did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a Cabinet Minister of a power allied in blood and language, and bound to loyal neutrality; the case being further exaggerated by the fact that we were already, so to speak, under indictment before the world for not (as was alleged) having strictly enforced the laws of neutrality in the matter of the cruisers. My offence was, indeed, only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness, and with such consequences of offence and alarm attached to it, that my failing to perceive them justly exposed me to very severe blame. It illustrates vividly that incapacity which my mind so long retained, and perhaps still exhibits, an incapacity of viewing subjects all round, in their extraneous as well as in their internal properties, and thereby of knowing when to be silent and when to speak."

who was one of Gladstone's colleagues, and who, almost alone of the British aristocracy, sided publicly and strenuously with the North. "I know of no government which has ever existed in the world that could possibly have admitted the right of secession from its own allegiance. I think we ought to admit, in fairness to the Americans, that there are some things worth fighting for, and that national existence—the existence of the Union—is one of them."

This speech of the Duke of Argyll is the better worth remembering, because, proceeding from a Cabinet Minister, it helped England back from the brink of the precipice, and served to avert the imminent danger of war. By declaring herself neutral, England had in effect recognized the Southern Confederacy, as a belligerent Power; and this recognition was not welcome to the North, who regarded the South as rebels. The insolent antagonism of our upper classes, the indiscretions of Ministers, and the persistent attempts of English traders to run the blockade of the Southern ports, caused profound irritation in the United States; and a succession of unhappy accidents brought

England again and again to "the brink." The Southern Confederacy despatched Commissioners to plead their cause with the Governments of Europe. Two of these Commissioners sailed for Europe in an English trading vessel, which, because it was English, was neutral. A Union ship of war boarded the merchantman, seized the Commissioners, and carried them to New York. England naturally resented this audacious violation of international law, and for a brief space war seemed imminent. But the good sense of Lincoln prevailed, and the captive Commissioners were set free.

A still more serious incident was the escape of the *Alabama*. The Southern Confederacy caused vessels for its service to be built in neutral ports, and it was arranged that these vessels should be subsequently met at some fixed rendezvous by officers bearing the Confederate commission. They then set out on a course of plunder which in three years cost the Union 187 ships, valued at £3,000,000. The *Alabama* was built at Liverpool. When the building was nearly complete, the Government was informed of her destination, and,

after an infinite deal of prolixity and red tape, was preparing to seize her, when she suddenly put out to sea, and began to make havoc of American shipping. Nothing would convince the United States that the *Alabama* had not escaped from our port by the contrivance, or at least the connivance, of our Government. The American Government demanded compensation for England's alleged breach of her duty as a neutral, and urged the demand with a persistence and an acrimony which repeatedly brought us to the very verge of the extreme catastrophe.

From the contemplation of these violent contests and narrow escapes—from the intemperance of rulers and the blindness of the governing class—it is agreeable to turn one's eyes in another direction and to contemplate the attitude of the working class. Lancashire was the district where the economic pressure of the American war was most acutely felt. By far the larger portion of the cotton used by English manufacturers was derived from the Southern States of America. Lancashire lived on slave-grown cotton ; and the blockade of the Southern ports stopped the supply. This meant the

stoppage, partial or total, of a large proportion of the mills, and the entire withdrawal of the means of subsistence from thousands of operatives engaged in the manufacture of cotton and its dependent trades.

By the end of 1862 there were half a million persons living on charitable relief, and the weekly loss of wages exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Yet—and this should be eternally remembered to the honour of our working classes—the sufferers never complained of the policy which had caused their sufferings. They held, with invincible tenacity, the belief that Lincoln and the North were in the right; and they gallantly endured their share of the misery which the blockade of the Southern ports entailed. The lovers of slavery found it impossible to get up a single meeting of workmen to support the South. The workers cared nothing for "State rights," and not much for the Constitution of the United States, but they abhorred slavery, and rejoiced in the opportunity of helping to crush it. If ever men "gained their souls by endurance," the operatives of Lancashire gained them by their endurance of the cotton-famine.

But it would be grossly unjust if we failed to notice the part played by the wealthier classes. A huge fund was raised for the relief of the starving operatives. India and the Colonies sent their contributions, and even the United States, in the midst of their own fierce difficulties, sent ships laden with provisions. All distinctions of party and sect were forgotten. Lord Derby,* the recognized head of the Tory Party and the most important person in Lancashire, became chairman of the Central Committee; and, in addition to large gifts of money, gave the still more valuable assistance of his influence, his eloquence, and his administrative skill. By the end of 1863 the distress was over, and had left behind it an imperishable legacy of goodwill between classes too often estranged.

Meanwhile, the diplomatic correspondence arising out of the misdoings of the *Alabama* dragged its slow length along, and more than once drew England back to the edge of the precipice. Amid masses of official verbiage, dilatory on the one side and insolent on the other, there emerged a sound claim for damage done

* Edward Geoffrey, 14th Earl.

by the *Alabama* to American shipping. To this, unfortunately, were added claims for "indirect" damages, and these were pressed with the wildest latitude of estimate. Lovers of peace, on both sides of the Atlantic, had begun to despair of an amicable settlement, when, in 1871, the Liberal Cabinet came to terms with President Grant, and it was arranged that the American demands should be referred to an international tribunal. The award was given in September, 1872, and, just because it did *not* satisfy either party, it probably represented the substantial equity of the case. Above all, it set the nations of the world an example which, if only they would follow it, would bring that millennium for which humanity has so long sighed in vain.

CHAPTER VII

A SPIRITUAL LIBERATION

Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are delivered.

The Psalter.

THIS song of liberation comes down to us from an ancient people and a distant land; but, when we gaze on the present doings of Germany, we may make the joyous words our own. It is much too soon to forecast the military and political issues of the campaign, but its spiritual issue is already decided. "Our soul is escaped" from the domination of Germanism. "The snare," which held some of our best intellects in captivity, "is broken, and we are delivered."

For the last eighty years our souls and our intellects have been, for the most part, in thrall to Germany. It was not always so. To our forefathers the Germans seemed merely comic, with their industrious pedantry, their "intellectual splay-footedness," their determination

to see so very far into a mill-stone, their tendency to take their Dogberrys very seriously. Such writers as George Canning and Sydney Smith and the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" were always laughing at German sentiment and German romanticism, mixed rather incongruously with a love of heavy feeding and strong drinking. Even the great Sir Walter followed the prevailing mode when he sketched the "Illustrissimus," and trounced Dousterswivel. But presently a reaction set in; and from an irrational contempt of all things German, Englishmen rushed to a not more rational worship of them. To trace the causes of the reaction would carry me out of my limits; but perhaps the most obvious of them was the fact that Englishmen began to learn German, and discovered for the first time the real beauty of German literature and the principles of German æstheticism.

Most conspicuous and most influential among these interpreters of Germany was Carlyle, whose teaching warped the minds and deformed the style of two generations. Force was his idol. He worshipped Germany, and Prussia in particular, for her absolutism and strength; but,

as Lord Morley has pointed out, his teaching was essentially retrograde. "He identifies the physical with the moral order, confounds faithful conformity to the material conditions of success, with loyal adherence to virtuous rule and principle, and then appeals to material triumph as the sanction of Nature and the ratification of High Heaven."

These words were written forty years ago; and to-day they bear a sinister significance which none can mistake.

French had long been the common language of all polite society, and Italian had always had its passionate votaries. But German was to most people what Lord Houghton called it—"a crack-jaw language"; and our insular contempt for it was heightened by the conviction that, as Sir George Trevelyan once said, those who professed to know a great deal of German certainly knew very little Greek. Carlyle did more than any one man to make English people familiar with German history and literature, and his influence was reinforced by that of the Court, which, after Queen Victoria's marriage, became more conspicuously Germanic than it had been for a hundred years. Germanism

never became popular in England—the old volumes of "Punch" sufficiently attest that fact—and it laid no strong hold on what is called Society. But it effected its lodgment in the Universities, and more especially in Oxford, where its triumph was rapid and complete. "Kultur" was transformed into Culture, and in that guise was worshipped. "The Germans" became a name of terror to old-fashioned philosophers and divines, as "The French" had been to old-fashioned spinsters and nurses. Everybody went about with a solemn face, and at the dread words—"The Germans say"—the fortresses of faith and reason were expected to fall down flat. No assumption was too arbitrary, no deduction too inconsequent, to be accepted with a loyal and loving obedience, if only it could be traced to an author whose name ended in "heim" or "itz" or "chke."

These "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," who surrendered their strongholds at the first blast of a German trumpet, were depicted in "Robert Elsmere." I seem to remember a cartoon representing that susceptible divine on his knees before the

sceptical squire, and ejaculating: "Oh! please do not mention another German author, or I shall be obliged to resign my living." But the squire was remorseless, and Elsmere, who was an honest fellow though a goose, resigned; but others, differently constituted, stuck to their posts of dignity and emolument, and emptied out, on generation after generation of half-convinced undergraduates, the dregs and siftings of the misbeliefs which they had collected from fat volumes of ill-translated German. That each fresh critic contradicted the last, and that the result which one year was considered axiomatic, was in the next discredited, and in the third forgotten, were circumstances which produced not the slightest effect on the Germanized mind. "Heim" was the man of the moment; and, though he said one thing while St. Paul and St. John and the Synoptists said the opposite, he was infallible till "Itz" upset him; and "Itz" must be believed till he in turn was upset by "Chke." Dr. Pusey said, "I have outlived a good many interpretations. I have seen their birth, their flourishing state, their death and burial, and their mummy-state, in which they are

curiosities." Some there were who all along refused to be Germanized; who saw from afar the quaking bog into which our blind guides were leading us, and preferred to remain where they could feel the ground under their feet. To-day those recusants see the full development of Lutheran heresy, in the strange uses to which Germany has prostituted the glorious name of "Evangelical," and they rejoice in their recusancy.

The moral havoc wrought by Germanism is now unmistakeable; and it is so closely linked to the philosophical, and the philosophical to the practical, that they cannot be regarded separately. Dogberry is omnipotent in Germany; and the ethics and the culture which are necessary for his political purposes are gladly supplied by his friend Verges, now turned Professor. The "religion of valour" which, as Professor Cramb told us, had replaced Christianity as the popular religion of Germany, is now revealed in its true character as a merciless indifference of the strong to the rights of the weak. "Corsica has conquered Galilee." Treitschke and Harnack, Haeckel and Eucken, have taught their countrymen, and the result

of their combined teaching is written on the walls of Louvain and Rheims and Antwerp. Truly "the snare is broken, and we are delivered."

Pragmatism is a hideous word, and, as we now see, it stands for a hideous thing. Of late years it has escaped from the lecture-rooms where it formerly was confined, and roams at large through the "regions mild of calm and serene air," in which newspapers are written; but I am not sure that even those who use it most freely understand its meaning with precision. Discarding etymology, one might say that, in its better sense, Pragmatism means the habit of testing abstract principles by their practical effect; or, more figuratively, of deciding the nature of the tree by a study of its fruits. So far, Pragmatism was all to the good. An idea must prove its hold on reality by working. "The whole man, Will as well as Reason, is concerned in the apprehension of truth, and the best way to discover truth is the will to do the right."

But Pragmatism, as we know it to-day, goes a long way beyond what I have called its better sense. For the Pragmatist, the Reason is

subordinate to the Will, and is the organ employed so to present and arrange things that the Will may have its way. For the real Pragmatist there is no such thing as a disinterested truth. Truth is determined by his own interest. It is simply that which favours what he wants and wills. The man's own want and will determine what should be true for him. He needs no other test than the fact that he succeeds in getting and doing what he wants. If he wants the highest, all right; but still it will only be true because he wants it and gets it. He may want the lowest, and, if he wants and gets it, there is no way of disproving his position. Thus Pragmatism, at its worst, is the culmination of Darwinism in its misunderstood sense—the belief that what is fitted to survive is also the best. "There is a smugness in Pragmatism that comes from recognizing efficiency and success as the standards of moral right; and there is no room in it for that high spirit of martyrdom which will live and die for truth, when truth is unsuccessful."

I do not think that I am misrepresenting Pragmatism, for I am citing the judgment of

a brilliant metaphysician, who is also a sturdy moralist;* and his judgment was written six months before the war broke out. Yet see how perfectly his account of Pragmatism fits the facts, as during these last two months we have seen them. The philosophy which Germany has taught in her lecture-rooms and preached from her pulpits and embodied in the actions of her statesmen and generals is precisely this: "the man needs no other test of truth than the fact that he succeeds in getting and doing what he wants. That which is fitted to survive is also the best. Efficiency and success are the standards of moral right." Here is the exact theory of war, as preached and practised by Germany.

The philosophy of Nietzsche "has taken a deeper hold on the German mind than any other ever has since Hegel. Nietzsche worshipped power. His ethic was 'Do, be, get everything you have the strength to do.' Pity is a vice. Evolution means the survival of the fittest and the destruction of the unfit. Christianity, with its sympathy for the poor in spirit, means decadence, and is a disease. The

* H. S. Holland, D.D.

world belongs to those who have the might to get it, and treaties, peace-pacts, arbitration, are mere points of strategy to mislead other nations, and when the grim reality of war comes they all vanish and are forgotten. Indeed, sympathy with the weak, the suffering, and the power of pathos are themselves weaknesses, and might is the ultimate proof of right. The world belongs to those who can get it, and those who hold this new creed have the world that believes in the old-fashioned virtues at their mercy.'"

This is national Pragmatism with a vengeance, and one must hope that it will meet the reward which is due to it as the negation of all that is divine in mankind and the world. As regards ourselves, the victory is already won. "Our soul is escaped; the snare is broken, and we are delivered."

During the last few weeks I have often returned to that masterpiece of humour and wisdom, "Friendship's Garland"; and the patriotic words of the great Arminius, uttered during the Franco-German War of 1870, have acquired a new significance. "I have no love for the preaching old drill-sergeant who is called

King of Prussia, or for the audacious conspirator who pulls his wires; this conspirator, and his rival conspirator, Louis Bonaparte, stand in my affections pretty much on a par. Both play their own game, and are obstacles to better things. I am a Republican; I desire a republic for every country in Europe. I believe no country in Europe is so fitted to be a republic as Germany; I believe her difficulties are from her Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and nothing else. I believe she will end by getting rid of these gentry; and that, till that time comes, the world will never know of what real greatness she is capable. . . . God bless *Germany*, and confound all her kings and princelings!"

Amen, with all my heart; but may I add her philosophers and her divines?

CHAPTER VIII

WAR AND FREEDOM

With a Hero at head, and a nation
Well drilled and well gagged and well cowed,
And a gospel of war and damnation,
Has not Empire a right to be proud?

Fools prattle and tattle
Of freedom, reason, right,
The beauty of duty,
The loveliness of light.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THESE vigorous verses of a truly patriotic poet have lately been ringing in my ears. What Swinburne wrote of Empire in general is conspicuously true of that particular empire which has its seat at Berlin. Every word tells. I do not even cavil at "a Hero," for the personality of the German Emperor is cast, whether for good or for evil, on the Heroic, or superhuman, scale. The nation which he rûles is indeed "well drilled," in the literal and military sense; and, in the figurative and

spiritual sense, as "well gagged" and "well cowed." The German voices which should have spoken for humanity are "gagged" into silence; the German forces which should have made for freedom are "cowed" into inaction. The "gospel of war" is preached with an audacity which the civilized world has never known; the "gospel of damnation" is the avowed faith of scientific barbarism—

> "By thought a crawling ruin,
> By life a leaping mire,
> By a broken heart in the breast of the world,
> And the end of the world's desire;
> By God and man dishonoured,
> By death and life made vain,
> Know ye the old barbarian,
> The barbarian come again." *

Whether, when Mr. Chesterton wrote those lines his mind was fixed on Germany, I cannot tell; but, if not, he wrote under the influence of that foreseeing inspiration which makes the poets prophets in spite of themselves.

I have often been accused of being unjust to the military spirit. In reply, I point to the spirit which animates the present conduct of Germany, and, if that is the military spirit, I

* "Ballad of the White Horse."

am perfectly just to it, for it is, and I have called it, damnable. It has absolutely nothing in common with the spirit which fights for freedom and national existence, or sacrifices itself for the salvation of the weak and the deliverance of the oppressed.

Again, I am told that I am indifferent to the claims of Empire. To Empire, as Swinburne described it and Germany exemplifies it, I am not indifferent, but even passionately hostile. To Empire, in so far as it means a wide confederation of self-governing States bound together by mutual service, I am as passionately loyal.

"I believe that we are all united"—thus spoke Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh in 1880—"indeed, it would be most unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to the great country to which we belong—to this great Empire, which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence, as special and as remarkable as ever was entrusted to any portion of the family of man. Gentlemen, when I speak of that trust and that function I feel that words fail me. I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance

that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For these ends I have laboured through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice I have lived; in that faith and practice I will die."

These are not merely abstract considerations. On the contrary, they are matters of political principle, which must before very long be tested in practice. Then will come the rub—the issue between false Patriotism and true; the issue between Militarism as practised by Bonaparte and Bismarck, and Militarism as practised by Cromwell and Garibaldi; between the idea of Empire as Lord Beaconsfield tried to realize it, and the idea of Empire with which Mr. Gladstone victoriously opposed him.

It is obvious that, as soon as the war is over, we shall hear a fresh cry for Conscription, cautiously masked under the euphemism of "universal military training." Already we hear pious hopes that Lord Roberts will live to see the reward of his labours, mingled with maudlin

regrets that his countrymen did not heed him sooner. I hope that Lord Roberts (for whom I have a most sincere respect) will live to any age that he desires; but I trust that he will never see his fellow-citizens enslaved by Conscription.* The present war has shown us, even more conspicuously than its predecessors, the beauty and the effectiveness of voluntary service. To illustrate great things by small, the contrast between conscription and free soldiership reminds me of my schooldays at Harrow, and the difference between Compulsory Football and a House Match. In the compulsory game a

* I reproduce this sentence as it originally appeared, and it gives a pathetic interest to the letter which I append.

"15 Oct., 1914.

"DEAR MR. RUSSELL,

"I thought it very kind of you to write to me on my birthday, and I wish I could have thanked you sooner for your letter, but I have been rather busy lately.

"I note that you class me as a 'political opponent.' I suppose I must accept the fact of being an Unionist, but I am not in any sense a politician, and have never taken part in politics, except when I felt that the Nation or the Army was in danger. On such occasions I have endeavoured to do what seemed to me to be right.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"ROBERTS."

huge crowd of listless urchins trotted aimlessly about the field, in the wake of a ball which they seldom saw and never touched. In a House Match a little band of eager and determined combatants fought their fiercest for honour and "the House."

If there could be a moment when the talk about Compulsory Service was more ungracious and inopportune than at another, that moment would be the present. Voluntary Service for the defence of England against all comers has always been the glory and delight of Englishmen in times of national danger. Lord Haldane, amid much misunderstanding and misrepresentation, organized that Voluntary Service, and the Conscriptionists vilified and ridiculed it. Who is there to-day who laughs at our Territorial Army?

Echoes of Deborah's great war-song come surging on the memory—"Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves—My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people—They were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field—They

took no gain of money." Uncoerced and unconscribed and unbribed, the flower of British manhood, without distinction of rank or race or politics or faith, has "offered itself willingly," and "jeoparded its life" for a purely unselfish cause; and this is the moment which the foes of freedom seize for a renewed threat of Compulsory Service. A man in pecuniary straits asks a friend for a five-pound note, which is willingly given; and, as he pockets it, he says: "You stingy beast, the next time I want your money, I'll take it from you by force." Which things are an allegory.

I turn to another instance in which, as I apprehend, our political principle will soon be tested. It is the object of all reasonable men to be governed as little as possible, and to have their freedom circumscribed only by this one limitation—that it shall not be so used as to infringe on the freedom of others. It is, or should be, the desire of all good citizens to have a voice in the political governance of their country.

At the present time there is a spirit abroad, sometimes described as Imperialism and sometimes as Collectivism, which aims at causing us

to be governed as much as possible, and at stifling every voice except that of administrative authority. "Of all ingenious instruments of despotism," said Sydney Smith, "I most commend a popular assembly where the majority are paid and hired, and a few bold and able men, by their brave speeches, make the people believe they are free." Those words were written in 1820, but are not without their application to 1914. The old theory of the laws was that the people had nothing to do with them but to obey them; and the old theory of the suffrage was that a man's voting power should be proportioned to his stake in the country. But now the people who obey the laws claim a share in the making of them; and we realize that every man's stake in the country is exactly equal to his neighbour's, because it is his all. When England has emerged from her present struggle, and is settling down again to the even tenour of her civil life, our first care must be to preserve the liberties which we already possess, and our second, to extend them to a quarter where hitherto they have not operated. It is time, I think, for the nation to take a lesson from

the United States, and to claim control over the powers of war-making and treaty-making.

The extent of the Royal Prerogative in these vital matters was thus stated by Mr. Gladstone in 1878.

"The Crown . . . may declare war against all the world; may conclude treaties involving unlimited responsibilities, and even vast expenditure, without the consent—nay, without the knowledge—of Parliament; and this not merely in support or in development, but in reversal, of policy already known to and sanctioned by the nation." Of course, under our constitutional system, "the Crown," in this context, means the Cabinet; but a Prerogative when exercised by Ministers may be just as dangerous to freedom and self-government as when it was exercised personally by the Sovereign. The question nowadays is not, as in former years, between King and Parliament, but between Cabinet and People. We know the tremendous issues which may be involved in treaties, (and in private engagements equivalent to treaties;) and we are learning afresh the awfulness of even a just and necessary war. Our object must be to bring

the power of concluding treaties, and the power of declaring war, beneath the immediate survey and control of the electorate. Then, and not till then, England will be mistress of her own destinies.

When Lord Beaconsfield was trying to drag England into war on behalf of Turkey, he said, with characteristic magniloquence—"The government of the world is conducted by Sovereigns and statesmen; not by anonymous paragraph-writers, or the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Sovereign and statesman have their recognized places in our constitutional system, and even the paragraph-writer and the chatterer may have their uses in forming and disseminating opinion; but, in a free country, no less an authority than the people itself should decide the supreme issue of Peace or War.

CHAPTER IX

THE DEBT OF THE GREAT TO THE SMALL

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel.—*Micah.*

THE war in which we are now engaged is purely chivalrous. We have nothing to gain by it. We are not fighting for extension or aggrandisement, for territory or gold-fields or diamond-mines. We are defending others against insolent aggression; and, at least as far as Belgium is concerned, we are championing the small against the great. The particular case was stated by Mr. Gladstone with impassioned vehemence in 1870, when Belgium had just escaped the visitation which has now overtaken her:

"We felt called upon to enlist ourselves on the part of the British nation as advocates and as champions of the integrity and independence of Belgium. And if we had gone to war, we should have gone to war for freedom,

we should have gone to war for public right, we should have gone to war to save human happiness from being invaded by tyrannous and lawless power."

The case for war on behalf of Belgium could not be better put; but behind and beyond the question of Belgium there lies the question of all small States. Have they any right to exist? What are their prospects? What is their record?

I have called this Chapter "The Debt of the Great to the Small," and it is intended to show, though in the most summary fashion, what "the great"—humanity at large—owes to "the small"—to the petty populations, the isolated races, the limited areas, which from time to time have given new life to the world.

It was in a strip of country about the size of Wales, less than 140 miles in length, and barely 40 in average breadth, that God first designed to hold communion with man, and that the most momentous events of the world's history were enacted. The Roman Empire was a superb autocracy, dominating the known world; but it could offer no effective resistance to that spiritual influence which issued from

Palestine, and watered the whole earth. "The prophets were not Romans, the apostles were not Romans; she, who was blessed above all women, I never heard she was a Roman maiden. For the beginnings of our faith we must look to a land more distant than Italy, to a city more sacred even than Rome."* Palestine gave the world its religion, and that is one of the debts which we owe to small States.

To another of these small States our debt is scarcely less conspicuous. Art and Poetry and Philosophy found their first and last word in Greece. Our modern psychology dates itself back to its origin in Aristotelian classification, and we still think under the inspiration of the Platonic discipline. From the same small source we learned the lesson of civil life; for Greek Republics brought out into vivid consciousness what is meant by free and honourable citizenship. Deep is our debt to ancient Greece on the intellectual side; and to modern Greece, on the religious side, it is deeper still.

From the day when the black hoof of the Turkish invader first ravaged the fairest

* Lord Beaconsfield, *Sybil*.

provinces of Christendom, to a date within the recollection of people still alive, the Greeks were martyrs and confessors for the Christian cause; and through centuries of bodily and mental torture bore their unanswerable testimony to the religion of the Cross. For that testimony, if for nothing else, our nominally Christian Europe owes Greece an imperishable gratitude.

But though in Palestine and Greece we see the most conspicuous instances of a debt owed by the great to the small, they by no means exhaust the catalogue. Holland is a small country, and her smallness is not redeemed by a romantic aspect or by poetical associations. But, as her great historian said, the rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. "Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal Empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods, that balance of power which, among civilized States, ought always to be identified with the scales of divine justice. The splendid Empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty. It is a consolation to watch

afterwards the gradual but triumphant resurrection of its spirit. From the hand-breadth of territory called the provinces of Holland rises a Power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent Empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty State, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the Empire of Charles. To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at an earlier day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium which must always become more and more important as the various States of the civilized world are pressed more closely together, and as the struggle for pre-eminence becomes more feverish."

When the Roman Empire collapsed and disappeared, Italy emerged; no longer the mistress of the world, but a small, though a most glorious, State. Centuries of misgovernment had reduced her to yet lowlier plight, when the magnificent heroism of her revolt against tyranny restored her to her place among

the nations, and quickened the flame of freedom in every European people. And what shall we say of "the Alpine mountains cold," which Milton glorified? A small tract indeed, but the unconquerable stronghold of a race that has set the whole world an example of the civil virtues which make small States great. The genius of freedom has always loved the mountains; and, if only the spirit of little Montenegro had animated the body of big Bulgaria, the great cause of liberty in the East of Europe would have been sooner won. And, when we are thinking of small States—of what they have done, and what they deserve—let us remember a small State—a very small one, geographically considered—which men used to call England, and now call Great Britain. The poet reminds us that it is our special part to save—

> "That sober freedom out of which there springs
> Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings;
> For, saving that, ye help to save mankind,
> Till public wrong be crumbled into dust;
> And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
> Till crowds at length be sane, and crowns be just."

It is rather pathetic to descend from Tennyson's

stately verse to the language of constitutional commonplace; but, while sedulously avoiding all national boastfulness, and waiving what England has accomplished in other directions, this at least her sons may truly claim for her—that, while she was yet a small State, she framed for herself a scheme of representative self-government on which the whole civilized world has fashioned its polity.

Lord Acton, to whom the love of liberty was a religion, stated the glory of the small State in memorable words:

"A generous spirit prefers that his country should be poor, and weak, and of no account, but free; rather than powerful, prosperous, and enslaved."

This doctrine is, indeed, far removed from the sensual idolatry of mere size; but it has its justification in history. It was not the size of Periclean Athens or of Elizabethan England that made them imperishably great; but the quality of the men they bred, and the words and acts with which they enriched the world.

Happily for England, the championship of small States and weak nationalities, though it

was periodically interrupted by reaction, has been an abiding feature of her polity ; and it has been spoken by the mouths of politicians so diverse as Mackintosh and Canning and Russell and Palmerston and Gladstone. To a Gladstonian, as the present writer has always avowed himself, it is a lively satisfaction to transcribe these closing words :

"Let us recognize, and recognize with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong ; the principles of brotherhood among nations, and of their sacred independence. Let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay that respect to a feeble State, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire, and should exact from others, towards their maturity and their strength."

CHAPTER X

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apothegm at which many will start: 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' But let it be considered that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest.—JAMES BOSWELL.

JOHNSON'S apothegm, even when explained away by Bozzy, is as false as it is surly. Cosmopolitanism is not surly—perhaps it is rather unduly bland—but it is false in so far as it ignores a root-instinct of human nature. "The enthusiasm of humanity" is a glorious sentiment; but, for one man who trains himself to feel it, there must be a thousand to whom Patriotism is a congenital passion. Without reasoning about it, sometimes even in defiance of reason, a man loves the land that gave him birth; will champion her against all comers, and will serve her, perhaps mistakenly, but with all his heart.

In ordinary times this instinct lives without articulate expression. It has all the common and unquestioned frequency of air and earth and sky. It is there; it is all around us; nay, it is part of our being; and for that very reason we do not think of it or talk about it. But now and then there arrives "some awful moment," perhaps sad, perhaps joyous, in our national life, and what before was inarticulate is instantly roused into consciousness and utterance. All of a sudden "the fountains of the great deep are broken up," and Patriotism asserts itself as the master-passion.

It is so now; and just because it is so, we are bound to look closely into the impulse which sways us, and to satisfy ourselves that it is the spirit of genuine Patriotism, and not some disgraceful or ludicrous counterfeit.

Patriotism, like all the noblest passions of the world, has suffered much through the faults and absurdities of those who profess it. In itself it has no relation to swagger or bluster or "pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy"; yet by the foolishness of its votaries it may be made to wear the aspect of them all. In the evil days of the South African war spurious Patriotism

filled the streets with drunkenness and tumult and an incredibly vulgar boastfulness, while genuine Patriotism pleaded with God and man for the termination of unjust and unnecessary bloodshed. To-day no one can lay such offences to our charge. Perhaps our rhetoric has been a little unrestrained. We could dispense with allusions to rats in sewers, and with resemblances between the Kaiser and Ananias. "Flossie the Recruiting Sergeant," who ran about the town offering white feathers to all the young men who were not wearing khaki, made herself ludicrous and offensive till *Punch* stopped her, and Flossie was not without male allies.

"With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums."

The High Sheriff of Cockneyshire brought ridicule on a good cause when, in the columns of a pre-eminently serious journal, he extolled his own energy in rising at 4 and breakfasting in the back-kitchen; and when, amid the plaudits of the gaping golfers, he unfurled his oriflamme on the sacred soil of Wimbledon Common. The reverence most justly due to all who risk

their lives in the service of their country is marred by such snobbery as is implied in "Peer's Son Killed," "Viscount in the Trenches," "Marquis's Brother Missing," "Baronet's Great Aunt Alarmed by Zeppelins." Those self-appointed guides who enjoin us to spend less or to spend more, to dismiss our servants or to retain them, to boycott football and theatres, or to attend a match every Saturday and a play every night; had better agree upon the right course before they prescribe for their fellows. Perhaps the panic-mongering pedagogues who have been lecturing the artisans on their duty would have been better employed in their class-rooms. Perhaps (and here I am only repeating what a wounded soldier said to me) the hobbledehoys who swathe themselves and their machines in fluttering flags might profitably remember that to flaunt the Union Jack in this country is no signal proof of valour.

But, after all, these things are only ludicrous; they do no real harm to the cause. And it behoves us, who look on them with amusement, to be sure that our own patriotism, while more sane, is not less energetic.

"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?—say."

There is the avowal which every good citizen must make, and the question which he must ask, and answer.

England helped us by the blood which she transmitted to us from our forefathers; by the climate which, perpetually inviting us into the open air, fortified our bodies and braced our nerves; by the natural beauties of her landscape, which have kept alive the spirit of romance in a nation esteemed prosaic; by endowing us with that saving sense of humour which daily bewilders our opponents; by giving us a language and a literature the purest and the noblest that the modern world has known. England has helped us by guarding our political freedom, and securing for us "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely." She has helped us by her steady maintenance of social order, even when she effected a "revolution by due course of law." She has helped us, above all, by the reverence in which she has always held religion. "I am somewhat of the opinion of old John Wesley, who, in a sermon not long before he died, after saying what great sinners we were, and how we abused our mercies, and what punishments England deserved for her

sins, cried out in a familiar tone, 'But we are the best people in the world for all that!'" *

So far, England has helped us: and now comes the question which each one of us must answer for himself—How can I help England? We are learning every day, by the solemn proof of bloodshed, that England is a country worth dying for. It is our duty to make her a country worth living in. We must seek to spread in widest commonalty the blessings which we have received. Patriotism means social reform; the material and modern betterment of those who have least power to help themselves, and a share for them, and for their children after them, of liberty, light, and knowledge.

The 'true' patriot chafes against a state of society in which healthy dwellings, and unadulterated food, and pure water, and fresh air, are the monopolies of the rich. He can never rest till he sees, in the neglected village or the squalid back-settlements of the town in which he lives, his own efforts contributing, however feebly, to this form of special service. He must do his part towards abolishing filth, and eradicating disease, and giving free scope to those

* "Life of Hannah More."

beneficent laws of Nature which, "though they were not revealed amid the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God."

Patriotism means a diligent cultivation of private as well as public virtue. We must seek to learn chastity from our Irish fellow-subjects, and temperance from foreign allies —perhaps just now from Russia. We must try to strangle the gambling spirit before it strangles us, and to recover that devotion to honesty and fair dealing which the lust of wealth has honeycombed with decay. Our national flag is a threefold cross, and, under such a symbol as that, there should be no room for extortion or rapacity or sharp practice. Finally, we must learn to base our claim to national religiousness, not on ecclesiastical establishments, or glorious buildings, or well-attended ceremonies, but on the number of individual men and women who order their lives in accordance with the Christian law.

Whosoever sets himself, seriously and steadily, to the task of serving England in these efforts, or in others like them, is as truly fulfilling the duties of Patriotism as if he were leading a charge or directing a fleet. In the

tranquil pursuits of ordinary life, every man can, if he chooses, play the part of the Christian patriot. Each one can, out of love and gratitude to England, do something to leave England an even better place than he found it. No man's life is so insignificant or so circumscribed that it may not make its contribution of service to the land that bore him and the causes that he loves. In the workshop or the office, at the rifle-range or at the polling-booth, the highest interests of Patriotism may be gloriously served or shamefully abandoned.

"There is a destiny now possible for us"—they are Ruskin's words—"the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race, a race mingled of the best Northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must now either finally betray or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase, with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if

it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive. Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding by its brightness ; and means of transit and communication given to us which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe.

"One kingdom—but who is to be its king ? . . . Are there only to be Kings of Terror and the obscene Empires of Mammon and Belial ? or will you, youths of England, to make your country for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace ; mistress of Learning and of the Arts ; faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions ; and, amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of goodwill towards men ? *Vexilla regis prodeunt.* Yes, but of which King ? There are the two oriflammes ; which shall we plant on the farthest islands—the one that floats in heavenly fire, or that hangs heavy with foul tissue of terrestrial gold ?"

CHAPTER XI

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY

This day is called the feast of Crispian ;
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

The Life of King Henry the Fifth.

So said King Harry to his followers at Agincourt on the 25th of October, 1415, and, in the natural enthusiasm of the moment, he predicted for the feast a chivalric immortality—

"And Crispin-Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

In twelve months from now the five hundredth anniversary of the triumphant prediction will have come round, and by that time the words, already famous, will have acquired a new and an even more glorious significance. For St. Crispin's Day, 1914, finds

us again "a band of brothers," but fighting shoulder to shoulder with the gallant people who once were our foes, in the most chivalrous contest which either France or England has ever undertaken. It is a moment for looking forward and for looking back.

When the King uttered his boast, the Reformation lay far ahead, and innovating busybodies had not meddled with the English Kalendar. In the ancient and famous rite of Sarum, St. Crispin was commemorated together with his twin-brother Crispinian. Hence the King's hyphened title of "Crispin-Crispian" for the feast which the English Church still observes on the 25th of October. The twin-saints were famous in France as having been among the companions of St. Denys, together with St. Quintin and others who came as missionaries from Rome into Gaul in the third century. Fixing their abode at Soissons, they preached and instructed the people day by day, and, when not so engaged, supported themselves by the trade of shoemaking, and supplied the poor free of charge. On the 25th October, A.D. 288, the two brothers, having previously been tortured, were beheaded by

order of Rictius Varus, the Roman Governor of Soissons. Their emblems, the martyr's palm and the shoemaker's awl, bespeak their serviceable lives and glorious death. The tradition that the bodies of the martyred brothers were afterwards brought to England and interred in the newly Christianized soil of Kent may be dismissed as fantastic; but certainly the name of Crispin endeared itself in some way to the English people, and Shakespeare played upon that sentiment in the King's famous soliloquy—

> "For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition:
> And gentlemen in England now abed
> Shall think themselves accurst they were not here,
> And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
> That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

But St. Crispin holds his place in our Kalendar by a title stonger than any that deeds of arms can confer. He stands there as a respresentative of Labour; and though England has not, as France has, her guild of *Frères Cordonniers* (but has corrupted the word into Cordwainers), yet the presence of this martyred cobbler in her list of saints is a standing rebuke to the vice,

or error, which, for want of a better word, we call snobbishness. There has always been, in unenlightened minds, an admiration for idleness; a tendency to regard it as a stamp of aristocracy; a desire to delegate labour to the lower and weaker, and to brand it with the stigma of inferiority and contempt. To the Greeks and Romans all mechanical toil was contemptible. Their notion of happiness was a learned leisure; and work was the portion of the slave. The Jews, in this respect at least, had attained a more reasonable civilization, for they enacted that every boy, whatever his rank in life, should learn a trade; and the predestined Apostle of the Gentiles was trained to be a tent-maker. But Labour can claim a yet auguster sanction. All that we know of the adult life of the Founder of Christianity, before He began His public ministry, is contained in a single word—a word which no pious fraud has been able to exclude from the Gospel of St. Mark, though it has often attempted to do so—a word which lights up, as with one broad flash, the unrecorded obscurity of thirty years—"Is not this the Carpenter?" The desperate attempts, both textual and exegetical,

which have been made to get rid of this invaluable testimony show how deeply it is required. "Working in a humble trade," says Jeremy Taylor, "to serve His own and His Mother's needs, He grew to the state of a man"; and the remembrance of the Carpenter's Shop at "despised Nazareth" has helped to console and sanctify the estate of poverty; to ennoble the dignity of labour; and to elevate the entire conception of manhood as a condition which, in itself and apart from every adventitious circumstance, has its own grandeur and dignity in the moral order of the world.

Yet the lesson has been slowly learnt. Even the fact that the Chief Pastor of Western Christendom styled himself a Servant of Servants did not persuade the Middle Age to regard Labour as a dignified condition. The Ages of Chivalry, as their admirers love to call them, deepened and intensified that contempt for work which is latent in all imperfect civilization. To ride abroad, killing and conquering, was the natural occupation of the gentleman; it was for the commonalty to dig and plough and spin and hew and build. As Feudalism vanished, Labour began to emerge

from its serf-like debasement, but it had a long hill to climb. Shakespeare from the point of view of the noble and the knight, Milton from that of the scholar and the statesman, alike contemned "mechanics," and a hundred years after Milton's death Edmund Burke, from whom one might have expected better things, grouped human labour with that of beasts, and even of machinery.

"Of all the instruments of the Farmer's trade, the labour of man (what the ancient writers have called the *instrumentum vocale*) is that on which he is most to rely for the repayment of his capital. The other two are the *instrumentum semi-vocale* in the ancient classification, that is, the working stock of cattle, and the *instrumentum mutum*, such as carts, ploughs, spades, and so forth."

So the agricultural labourer, according to the greatest genius of the time, was an "instrument," only elevated by the fact that he could speak and was not "half-vocal" or dumb, above the ox which he tended or the waggon which he drove. No wonder Burke thought the French Revolution a bad business.

But, whether good or bad, the Revolution

presented Labour in a new aspect to the world. Labour had shown on the other side of the Channel what it could do, and it threatened similar activities on this. But those threats were not fulfilled; the established order was too strong; Labour had its toils and its struggles, its heroisms and its martyrdoms; but its triumph kept receding like the mirage in the desert. The Reform Act of 1832 was to have brought the Millennium; but it brought only disillusionment and despair; and the catastrophe of 1848 seemed to lay the hopes of Labour in the dust, where they had to lie, as far as political power was concerned, for twenty years. But social recognition came much sooner than political enfranchisement, and came by ways wholly unforeseen. It has of late years been the fashion to disparage the Prince Consort as recklessly as he once was extolled; but he deserves a high place among Social Reformers, if only because, when the idea was novel, he laboured to impress upon the mind of English society the meaning of the phrase "The Dignity of Labour." He called it "a proud and valuable watchword," and he sought to embody it in the Great

Exhibition of 1851, where the best products of the world's labour should be displayed in harmonious rivalry. The Prince's plan attained its object. The exhibition attracted an enormous amount of interest and enthusiasm. The opening ceremony was treated by the Queen as a religious service of brotherhood and goodwill. Popular poets burst into lyrical raptures about "The Dignity of Labour, the Brotherhood of Man"; and a homage, which in most cases was quite sincere, was rendered to the vocation of the handicraftsman. The most persuasive of all the voices which were then swaying the young mind of England urged the same lesson—

"The due economy of Labour will assign to each man the share which is right. Let no technical labour be wasted on things useless or unpleasureable; and let all physical exertion, so far as possible, be utilized—and it will be found that no man need ever work more than is good for him. I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily take in amusements definitely serviceable. It would be far better,

for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields than ride over other people's."

A quarter of a century was to pass before Ruskin set his disciples at Oxford on the strenuous exercise of road-making; and in all those years his testimony never wavered. Every true Ruskinian learned that to work with his hands was at least as dignified as to write dishonestly in a newspaper, or to accumulate a fortune by usury.

To the vulgar mind all labour seems undignified, but the notion of manual labour is peculiarly abhorrent. Happily for the world, the artists have never been the victims of this strange delusion. To see a great sculptor or a great painter at his work is to see manual labour under glorified conditions. A surgical operation is the triumph of dexterity. In an age which becomes year by year more dependent on mechanical skill it is well to remember that "a gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure of the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation."

From this time on, all these considerations will combine to make St. Crispin's Day a "high day" in the English Kalendar. Thanks to

Shakespeare's genius, it has always recalled a famous triumph of English Arms: in the history of the saint whom it commemorates, it proclaims the Dignity of Labour; and henceforward it will teach the lesson, undreamed-of at Agincourt, that there is no distinction of Gentle and Simple in the chivalry which guards our sacred shores.

CHAPTER XII

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS

Justorum autem animæ in manu Dei sunt, et non tanget illos tormentum mortis. Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori ; et æstimata est afflictio exitus illorum, et quod a nobis est iter exterminium ; illi autem sunt in pace.

Liber Sapientiæ.

THE month of November belongs in a special sense to the dead. This, as we have lately been reminded by reports from Paris, is on the Continent a recognized fact of the religious year. Here in England the curiously still, calm days of early November, the falling leaves, and the beclouded sky, seem to justify the instinct which placed the Feast of All Saints on the first of the month, and thus sought to blend the aspect of decaying nature with "the beauty, the languor, and the majesty of death."

The observance of the feast seems to have originated at Rome on November 1, 608, on which date the Pantheon was consecrated to

Christian worship ; and it soon won its way to general acceptance, because it ministers to a primary instinct of human nature. Shakespeare, who wrote when England still understood what was meant by the Mass, knew All Saints' Day by its mediæval name of Hallowmas. Our Scottish neighbours, though sternly taught by John Knox to abjure Popery and Prelacy, were still careful to observe October 31 as Hallow E'en—though the method of observance was scarcely spiritual.

But, though the 1st of November is All Saints' Day, the 2nd of November is for the greater part of Western Christendom a day not less momentous. All Souls' Day (of which the Reformation robbed us) is an even more human observance than All Saints' Day. We give the widest possible interpretation to the title of "Saint." We hold in reverent honour not only the Apostles who established the Kingdom and the Evangelists who taught the world, the Martyrs who flared in Nero's tar-barrels, and the Anchorites who made the desert blossom with their prayers ; but the whole goodly company of those who, in all ages, and in every land, have served the great

causes of righteousness and mercy. Still, interpret it as widely as we will, the title of "Saint" conveys some suggestion of illustrious devotion and super-eminent services. It is fitting that the Saints should have their day, and that it should be a high day of the Christian kalendar. But the inhumanity of Puritanism did a grievous wrong when it abolished the more comprehensive observance of All Souls' Day. There never was a stouter Protestant than Dr. Arnold, and he told his Rugby boys just eighty years ago that All Souls' Day, or the Day of the Dead, had a message, and a meaning, as true and as distinctive as All Saints' Day. "The Day of the Dead," he said, "recalls to us our fellowship with God's servants, in so far as both they and we are mortal. . . . It is the day of those who are yet in some measure under Death's power—of our departed brethren who are yet so far under it that they have not entered into their perfect and eternal life—of ourselves, even more, over whose heads Death's dart is still hanging, who have not felt its stroke, but will surely feel it. . . . If we have ever known some whose faith had given no sign of its existence, . . .

can we bear to think what their state is now? No: we may not think of it, except to remind us that, as they are, we may be. Nay, as they are, we shall be; and others may talk and draw examples from us, as we do now from them; life will be over with us for ever, and death for ever will have begun; unless even now we join ourselves to those holy dead, to those truly living, whom we as on this day commemorate."

To my mind, All Souls' Day has a pathos which All Saints' Day has not. In a sense, the saints "have their reward." They were called to conspicuous trials, and they reaped a not less conspicuous glory. Their names will live as long as the Christian Church lasts; and, in regions far beyond the precincts of all organized religion, they will be held in honour as exemplars of unworldly courage, and as workers, though perhaps they knew it not, for the social interests of humanity.

But I plead for the souls that were not saints —to whom no special gifts were allotted, who were called to no high prerogatives of martyrdom or confessorship; men of like passions with ourselves; as foolish, as fallible, as sorely tempted, as powerless to resist. Their virtues

and their defects, their victories and their falls, their wrestlings with the darkness, their struggles towards the light, were never known, or known only to the nearest few, and the last traces of them are now, in Scott's fine image, "mixed with the ages that have gone before us, as the broad black raindrops mingle with the waste of waters, making a trifling and momentary eddy, and then are lost for ever."

It is these that All Souls' Day bids us commemorate. The whole month is eloquent of them—never perhaps so much so as in this November, when Death has become the daily commonplace of life. We can all look back, down the vista of our own past lives, and recall the faces of men with whom we once were associated in work or play or business or domestic life; men who bore no outward sign of saintship; men perhaps from whom, sooner or later, conscience forced us to separate ourselves. They are dead and gone. They have no place in the celebration of All Saints; but All Souls' Day is their own. It reminds us not only of what they were, but also of our unfitness for the task of judging them. It humiliates us with the wholesome thought that,

if the truth were known, it is we, and not they, who would have most need to crave the mercy of oblivion.

And what is true of individual retrospects is surely not less true of the backward-sweeping view which surveys the entire history of the human race. We ourselves, "the latest seed of time," have been born into what we, not without reason, regard as an exceptionally favoured age—favoured not so much by the achievements of physical science as by a quickened conscience and a passion for the truth. From the vantage-ground of a privileged position we look back to the recorded beginnings of the race; to the sickening cruelty which darkened the dawn of human society; to the weltering bloodshed and rapine of the Middle Age—

"The heavens all gloom, the wearied earth all crime;"

to the "clench'd antagonisms" through which truth and light have had to win their way to a very partial victory—for are we not at this moment engaged in a warfare of the spirit, in a battle of ideals? And, while we look, All Souls' Day opportunely reminds us that the

perpetrators of those enormous wrongs were men of our own flesh and blood. The human conscience has developed with a painful and humiliating slowness, and, however sternly we may judge the past, we must admit, for the twentieth century, abundant unfaithfulness to clearer light. A common humanity has made all men brothers, and a common redemption has taught us to pity, to pardon, and to hope.

CHAPTER XIII

WAR AND WARRIORS

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.—*The Apocalypse.*

A FAMOUS bishop once proclaimed his conviction that society could not exist for forty-eight hours on the lines laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. The bishop was famous for sayings which were more smart than spiritual; and, on the occasion to which I refer, he was urging that the Christian doctrine of non-resistance could not have been meant to apply to the conditions of modern life. The argument always seemed to me to be vitiated by a fallacy. The bishop ignored the difference —surely a vital one—between the acts which a man does in his own interest, and those which he does on behalf of others.

The Sermon on the Mount is a code for the

guidance of the individual life; and, for those who accept its authority, its precepts and prohibitions are inexorable. Forgiveness of injuries —of all virtues perhaps the hardest to the natural man—is the bounden duty of every one who professes the new morality. Revenge, "a dish which can be eaten cold," and which appeals most powerfully to the natural appetite, is forbidden food.

"Forgive and forget" is the homely epitome of the Christian ethic. But, when the bishop said that society could not exist on such a basis, he was, I think, confusing public with private duty. A man who declines to resent an injury to himself is dealing with himself only. He puts, as we say, his pride in his pocket. He voluntarily submits to what human nature considers a degradation. In brief, he sacrifices himself, and his own interests, of which he is the sole owner, to a higher law.

But, when we turn to public duty, the case is changed. Each citizen is then a trustee for others. He is not dealing with his own interests, but with the interests of those for whom, as fellow-members of the body politic, he has a positive responsibility. In private life,

if a man gets a sudden blow, physical or verbal, in the eye, and so controls himself as not to hit back, he gives an illustration of the highest manliness; but, if he looks quietly on while a woman is insulted, or a child tortured, he then is a poltroon. He may "take"—nay, if he means what he professes, he will take—the "spoiling of his own goods gladly," but he will not suffer his neighbour to be robbed, if he can help it. So, in the wider area of international life, if he sees a menace, from whatever quarter, to national peace and freedom and happiness, then, not for himself but for others, he must be prepared to draw the sword. It has been the glory of the Society of Friends that, more consistently than other Christians, they have applied the doctrine of non-resistance to private life, and have repudiated in act as well as in word the idea of revenge. During the South African War we saw this principle applied by certain Quakers whose property had been smashed, and whose persons had been threatened, by the drunken mobs which yelled "Pro-Boer!" Yet the Quakers have known how to resist wrong-doing when it menaced others. "Friend, thee isn't wanted here,"

said Phineas Fletcher, as he knocked the slave-hunter into the chasm. Even John Bright never denied the abstract right to take up arms on good occasion, but supported the suppression of the Indian Mutiny and of the slave-owners' rebellion in America.

The ethical difficulty of war seems to me to lie, not where the bishop thought, but in the discrimination between lawful and unlawful.

Of all the wars which have been waged since the world began, how many have been "lawful," according to the Moral Law—just, and necessary and unselfishly undertaken for the good of others? Of such wars, and they have been very few, we confidently believe that the war in which we are now engaged is one; a war into which we could go, not, indeed, with a light heart, but with a clear conscience. The sovereign or statesman who wilfully provokes a war for some selfish or dynastic object incurs a load of guilt too terrible to contemplate; and every citizen who encourages or extenuates such a war has his share in the guilt.

And here comes in the special responsibility of the soldier. By enlisting, he binds himself to fight, and yet surrenders the right to judge

whether the cause for which he fights is just or unjust. He abjures, for the period of his service, the prerogative of private judgment. It is noble to volunteer for a particular campaign—to give one's life, freely and deliberately, for the salvation of one's own country, or the deliverance of some down-trodden nationality, or the destruction of some anti-human Power. But for a man to bind himself to kill or be killed in a quarrel where his own convictions are not involved—where the right may even be clearly on the other side—where the very causes of conflict are hidden in the secret recesses of Foreign Offices and Chancelleries—seems like a sheer surrender of the conscience.

And yet, as we scan the fighting-line of history, ancient and modern, we instantly detect a host of soldiers who were as conspicuous for religion as for bravery. Such were Gideon, and Barak, and Samson, and Jephthah, and David; such were the great Maccabean princes; such were the Christian legions of Constantine, and the crusading warriors of Christendom; such the iron soldiers of the Commonwealth, and the stout Covenanters of Cameron; such pre-eminently was the

Presbyterian dragoon, James Gardiner, whose miraculous conversion recalls the rapture of St. Francis–

"In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses had produced this wonderful change; and, though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite." *

Such have been, and are, many of England's greatest soldiers, both of those who are alive to-day, and of those, like Hedley Vicars and Henry Havelock, and John Nicholson, and Charles Gordon, whose warfare is long since accomplished. Such was Lord Roberts, with his crystalline sincerity and his tenderness of heart. What made these men soldiers? We dare not say that it was insensibility to the Moral Law—their passionate convictions, their burning words of faith, their heroic bearing in

* Sir Walter Scott, *Waverley*.

the face of death, forbid this way of accounting for what they did. We are driven to the conclusion that the passion for war is a root-instinct, and that there are natures which can be satisfied by no other outlet. If a lad will be a soldier, he must. We have all seen the bad results of frustrated inclination; and, if the schoolboy's heart is in a barrack-yard, it is useless to imprison him in a counting-house or chain him to the plough-tail. Every one has the right to shape his own life, for he, and he only, will have to render an account of it when it is finished.

I consecrate this page to a bright and brave memory—

ROBERT MACGREGOR BOWEN-COLTHURST
(Captain in the Leinster Regiment),
Born on the 15th of September, 1883,
Fell in battle on the 15th of March, 1915.

Vattere in pace, alma beata e bella.

CHAPTER XIV

WAR AND RELIGION

Does it ever strike you that nothing shocks pious people so much as any practical and immediate application of the character and life of Christ?—LORD HOUGHTON.

PROBABLY the readers of the *Daily News* * do not always agree with the Bishop of Oxford. It would be strange if they did. But, if they have followed his public career, they must know that he has always been conspicuously free from the faults of compromise, worldliness, and self-seeking, and has been eager to state his convictions in the plainest terms, even when those convictions were unpopular, and the avowal of them was difficult. I have just been reading his Primary Charge, delivered this autumn to his diocese.

It is published as a pamphlet (from which all diocesan details and statistics are wisely excluded), under the title of "The War and

* In which this chapter originally appeared.

the Church." No other writing on this great subject has struck me as so powerful and so just, and it has helped to shape some thoughts which were already forming in my own mind.

As regards the present war, we are a nation of one heart and one mind; and certainly, as far as material effort is concerned, we see all round us an enthusiastic and a sustained activity. But I am writing of "War and Religion," and I gather that some thoughtful people have experienced a certain disappointment at what has seemed like a general failure to rise to the religious opportunities which war brings with it. With regard to the interior life—the working of religion in the soul of man—it is obviously impossible to dogmatize. What each man feels about this war in relation to the Supernatural, is known to himself, to God, and perhaps to no one else. But the outward and visible signs of religion can be easily surveyed, and to enquire how far they have been affected by the war is my present concern.

I am met at the outset by the unquestionable fact that a huge concourse attended the funeral of Lord Roberts. But then it must be

remembered that a funeral is of all public ceremonies the most popular. There are plenty of people still living who can remember the "closely-packed million and a half" that lined the streets at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and we ourselves saw, at Queen Victoria's funeral, the unsurpassable solemnity of a nation in mourning. Great funerals are tributes to great people, but they have nothing in particular to do with war.

We have been officially informed that January 3, 1915, is to be observed as a day of national intercession, and we need not doubt that the attendance at the various churches will be adequate to the great occasion. But, so far, I have not seen any marked alteration in the even tenour of our religious observances. As a nation, we are even morbidly afraid of introducing a religious theme on what we consider inappropriate occasions. Thus it was remarked, at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, that, though the soldiers and sailors and lawyers, and diplomatists and statesmen, spoke in the spirit of their respective crafts, the Archbishop of Canterbury said not a word which implied any relation, personal or official, to religion.

Perhaps his Grace regarded the toast of the Lord Mayor's health as a purely secular concern; but, in church, religion must assert itself. Yet, during the war, the clergy go on preaching the usual kind of sermon, offering more or less salutary doctrine, and not turning aside from the beaten track. Sometimes this detachment from current anxieties gives a sense of unreality to sermons. I remember to have felt it so when, at the beginning of the war, I heard a profound scholar, of the school of Dr. Dryasdust, preach in Westminster Abbey on the proper limits of religious speculation. But, on the whole, I think the detached attitude the best. War-preaching might very easily be over-done; and, at the time of the South African campaign, a good many preachers, of all denominations, raved like recruiting-sergeants. Detachment is better than Jingoism.

It is much the same with the ordinary services of the Church. We see the usual small, but devout, attendance at daily services; the usual bands of communicants and worshippers on Sunday—but not much more. Even the special services of Intercession seem a good deal stronger in earnestness than in numbers. The

fact is, that we are such an essentially jog-trot people, and are so closely wedded to our habits, in religion as in other things, that it is almost impossible to make us adopt a new scheme of life. Of the average Churchman it is certainly true (and perhaps also of his Nonconformist brother) that—

> "He treads the pious paths his fathers trod,
> And loves established ways of serving God."

Here is an instance of what I mean. In the parish in which I live, the church bell is rung for three minutes at noon, as a call to private intercession. The plan was instituted at the beginning of the war, fully explained by the incumbent, and placarded on the church door. One morning a fellow-parishioner of mine—mother of a soldier at the Front—burst in on me with a torrent of war-gossip. "Have you heard about the Russians? I do hope the Ghurkas have arrived. Isn't it sad for Lord Nozoo losing his arm?" et cetera, et cetera. Before I had time to answer, the church bell began. My visitor continued in full flood. "Listen," I said. "That's the bell for intercession." "I know! Isn't it a good idea?

I give Mr. Soulsby the greatest credit for it. Well, I must be getting on. I am going to the Red Cross bureau, and then to luncheon at the Carlton, and I dare say I shall pick up some news there. It's all too exciting. Good-bye."

The intercession, which this good lady admired but could not stay to practise, is, of course, an individual exercise, in which each man can clothe his thoughts with the words which seem to him most real; but Forms of Intercession, put forth by authority for public use, have often been very indigestible. In 1885, when Mr. Gladstone's Government was covering itself with discredit by its strange doings in the Soudan, Bishop Magee thus trenchantly expressed his mind—

"I could not stand the prayer set forth by the Upper House of Convocation. It asks God to take into His hands 'the cause' for which our Queen and country send out our troops. If He knows what that 'cause' is, I do *not*; or, at least, so far as I can guess at it, it seems one which I should not care to ask Him to take into His own hands, lest I should be imprecating punishment instead of asking a blessing."

The misgiving which Magee felt about

prayer for a blessing on our arms in the Soudan, I felt even more keenly about similar prayers in reference to our criminal folly in South Africa. But, happily, to-day such misgivings are silenced. The events of last August convinced the national conscience, and the succeeding months have deepened the conviction. To-day we can take upon our lips words which, in other circumstances, would have been the most hideous blasphemy, and we dare ask God to "take our cause into His own hands, and judge between us and our enemies."

CHAPTER XV

AN AWKWARD QUESTION

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with. He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord.

Solomon.

Not long ago Professor A. F. Pollard was lecturing in a provincial town on "The Causes and Occasions of the War." At the close of the lecture he invited questions; whereupon one of his hearers asked: "Should we not have gone into the war for the protection of Belgium with a clearer conscience if we had not burnt and laid waste the land of the Boers?" It was undoubtedly an awkward question, and it was greeted with a roar of disapproval. "Infamous!" cried one. "That question ought not to have been put!" cried another. But the lecturer was perfectly courteous, and, instead of answering the question, socratically

suggested a perplexity. "If we wait to do right until we have a clear conscience of never having done wrong, we shall never do right."

The questioner was not well satisfied with this reply; but to my thinking it was sensible and just. We are now engaged in a war which the nation, without distinction of party, considers right; and it would have been a failure of duty if we had refused to do what is right now because we have done wrong in the past. The questioner thought the South African war wrong. I am not sure that the lecturer agreed with him; but I do. I have said so, in season and out of season, ever since an instructive evening in April, 1899, when a South African millionaire told me, without circumlocution, that he had come to London to make a war. But I do not on that account feel my conscience less clear when I support our present war. Rather, my conscience is all the clearer; for I have given proof that I am not one of those who applaud any and every war in which our Governments choose to engage us; but have retained the prerogative of private judgment as between right and wrong

—between war for gold-mines and war for freedom.*

In directing the attention of the audience to "the land of the Boers," and our conduct with regard to it, the questioner performed, I think, a useful service, though the audience did not allow him to develope his theme. The history of South African affairs signally illustrates the momentous truth that, while war may or may not have the results which its authors intended, it has a way of producing quite unexpected and unintended consequences. Here is a case in point. In October, 1899, our present Prime Minister, then a prominent member of the Opposition, made at Dundee an admirable speech from which I extract a striking passage :—

"I dissociate myself entirely from those, if such there be, who hail this war, this deplorable, this lamentable war, as a means to an ulterior end—the subordination of the Boers, and the annexation of the Dutch Republic. Such an intention has been emphatically and repeatedly repudiated by Her Majesty's Government. It finds no place, so far as I know, in the programme of the

* An ex-private in the Guards, who fought in South Africa, made this distinction in talking to me.—August 9, 1914.

policy of any responsible politician in this country. To adopt it, to coquette with it, to connive at it, would be to justify a hundredfold the charges of pharisaism and hypocrisy which are being freely levelled at this moment against us by the critics, not always very well informed or well disposed, of the Continental Press."

When Liberals read these brave words, they said, with a sigh of relief, "Well—at any rate, there's to be no annexation. We've just got to turn Kruger out of our territory, and the whole affair will be over before Christmas." But people who begin wars, and people who applaud wars, have very little notion of the bourne to which war may carry them; and the "critics of the Continental Press" seem to have had a clearer vision than was vouchsafed to some of our Liberal leaders.

Or take the case of Egypt. Arabi may have been a patriot, a statesman, or a rebel; but in June, 1882, he was the most powerful man in Egypt, and, when he instigated a riot in Alexandria, it was necessary to check him. The "dual control" made England and France responsible for the restoration of order. Gladstone was Prime Minister, and Lord Granville

Foreign Secretary. France held back. Some diplomatic futilities took place, and eventually, a month after the riot, we bombarded the fortress of Alexandria. John Bright resigned, as a protest against what he considered a breach of moral and international law; and no particular good was done. Next we had to capture Arabi, and Lord Wolseley did so with great effect. British troops garrisoned Cairo, and the only real power in Egypt was the power of England. A Liberal Government, pledged to peace, retrenchment, and non-intervention, found that it had "made itself responsible for the land of the Pharaohs." It found this, rather to its own dismay; for the Liberal party were by no means enthusiastic about a policy which so closely resembled the antics of Lord Beaconsfield. From every platform it was announced that we had only gone to Egypt to restore order, and establish a stable and progressive government. The moment we had attained these desirable ends we should retire. "A policy of Scuttle" was the phrase invented by our opponents to describe our Egyptian doings; and it was enthusiastically adopted by one of our most boisterous leaders. "From

first to last," he exclaimed, "my watchword has been 'Scuttle.'"

Mr. Gladstone, in his Address to Midlothian at the General Election of 1885, adopted the same sentiment, in more sesquipedalian language; and his devoted disciple, Mr. Herbert Paul, says that, at Newcastle in 1891, he "went out of his way to suggest a British evacuation of Egypt, which was in the first place utterly impracticable, in the second place thoroughly unwise, and in the third place excessively unpopular." It is not for me to judge between the disciple and the master. Gladstone may have been right in bombarding Alexandria in 1882, and right in wishing to abandon it in 1891; but here we are at the end of 1914, and Egypt is not yet evacuated.

And yet, again, there is India—too vast a topic for the fag-end of a chapter. Let me here refer my reader to p. 46, and let me again express the solemn pride which every English citizen must feel when he contemplates the results of wise, humane, and righteous governance in a land which, but for English rule, might have been an agelong battle-ground of races and religions. The establishment

of our Indian Empire was once pronounced by a lover of India to be "the most tremendous act of dacoity ever committed in the history of the world." Clive had excellent reasons for taking Arcot and retaking Calcutta, and Warren Hastings for driving Hyder Ali from the Carnatic. Those were great acts of war; but their ultimate consequences were infinitely greater. Three hundred millions of Indian citizens, of various creeds, pedigrees, and social traditions, now obey an Emperor who sits on the throne of the Plantagenets.

I did not say that the oblique results of war are necessarily deplorable: only that they are incalculable.

CHAPTER XVI

WAR AND POETRY

The Poet is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of differences of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE seen myself accused somewhere of saying that War produces Poetry. This is very far from my belief. When I began this series of chapters, I was trying to relieve the pressure of the moment by recalling times of similar anxiety, and the spirit in which England endured them. Thus I showed that, when we were struggling for our national existence against the great Napoleon, our forefathers never surrendered themselves either to panic or to lethargy. They fought with all their might by

land and sea; they poured out money like water; they organized a strong system of internal defence, both military and civil, against invasion and treachery; but, through all this time of stress, religion and art and literature and social reform went on their way unchecked, and were even animated to a new activity. Among the activities of Literature I instanced the poetry of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge, which made the beginning of the last century glorious; but I regarded it as coincident with, not caused by, the war.

My impression that war has no necessary connexion with Poetry has been confirmed by our recent experience. Our versifiers have been very busy, and have given us abundance of excellent sentiment and more or less effective jingle. But have they given us Poetry? I think not. It has even been suggested that some of them have "rummaged out old effusions and refurbished them for the occasion"; and, though we need not adopt this harsh theory, still we must admit that most of the verse which has been published under the title of "War-Poetry" could be turned out by machinery. Versifiers have this in common with Poets—that

they are irritable; and I will therefore abstain from individual criticisms. But there is one of the band, whom a laurel-wreath and a butt of sherry exalt above the rest, and the penalty of such eminence is exposure to criticism:

> "Up, careless, awake!
> Ye peace-makers fight!
> England stands for Honour!
> God defend the Right!"

Of this stanza one may truly say, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, that "it is hard to read it without a cry of pain"; or as the same great critic said, more colloquially, of Tennyson's "Human Cry": "Did you ever?"

The mention of Tennyson reminds me that some of the critics who have been deploring the versification about the present war have ingeminated. "Oh! for one hour of Tennyson!" But I cannot share the sentiment. I am a devoted lover of Tennyson when he is painting a landscape or telling a love-tale, but in war-poetry he is not at his best. "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" is as heavy as the Brigade which it extols, and "The Revenge" is not much lighter; "Maud" is called "a monodrama," but it is more like a

monomania; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is not far removed from doggerel. I remarked before that the rhyme of "blundered" and "hundred" moved Charles Kingsley to exclaim: "Alfred Tennyson is no Tyrtæus, though he has a glimpse of what a Tyrtæus ought to be."

"The poems of Tyrtæus," Dr. Dryasdust says, "exercised an important influence upon the Spartans, composing their dissensions at home, and animating their courage in the field." If this was so, I fear that Tyrtæus has no successor in England at the present day; and those who need the stimulus or solace of Poetry in this torturing time had better take a holiday among some old friends. Browning gives us just what we want in the "Incident of the French Camp" and "Hervé Riel." Sir Francis Doyle's "Private of the Buffs" strikes right home. The fact that the American Republic was fighting for its life when they were written gives a peculiar reality to Bret Harte's "Réveille," and Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," and Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," and John Hay's "When the Boys come home."

Perhaps the noblest strain of modern war-poetry is reached in Lowell's "Ode for the Commemoration of Harvard University," when ninety-five young graduates and under-graduates had just fallen in the fight for freedom—

> 'I with uncovered head
> Salute the sacred dead,
> Who went, and who return not—say not so!
> 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
> But the high faith that failed not by the way.
> Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
> No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
> And to the saner mind
> We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind."

But older friends than these may be yet more efficacious, and high among them stands Wordsworth. If the war has done nothing for us in the way of creating poetry, it has at any rate sent us back to that one poet of the modern world whose place is with Shakespeare and Milton. How often, in the last few months, has the "Character of the Happy Warrior" been quoted? and it can never be quoted too often.

War no doubt evoked it: for it was written in 1806, when the victorious Chief of France was redistributing the crowns of Europe; but

I doubt if war created it. From the first line to the last, it shows that spiritual insight into human nature, and that manly love of virtue for her own sake, which are the characteristic jewels of Wordsworth's crown. "The Happy Warrior" is truly the Happy Citizen, and war is merely the accident, not the essence, of his being,

> "Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
> Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
> Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won:
> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray,
> Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last,
> From well to better, daily self-surpast."

CHAPTER XVII

AN INNOCENT OFFENCE

> England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
> My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
> Where English minds and manners may be found,
> Shall be constrained to love thee.
>
> WILLIAM COWPER.

To my great regret, I find that some of my recent writings have injured the delicate and sensitive patriotism of my Scottish fellow-subjects. I have been rebuked officially and formally by patriotic associations in Scotland, and in a more rough-and-ready manner by exiled Scots in remote corners of the Empire. My offence has been that I have written about the behaviour of "England" in war-time. Here is a specimen of the chastisement: "Are you aware that this eternal 'England' business is actually hurting recruiting in this time of the Empire's peril? Men of Scottish,

Irish, and Welsh descent detest it. Why cannot you write 'Great Britain,' or 'Britain'? Are Treaties of Union to you (and others like you) only 'scraps of paper'?"

That anything which I write should mar the work of recruiting is a grievous thought, though I cannot help feeling that, if my fellow-subjects wish very much to enlist, they will not be held back by the misuse of a word. The allusion to "scraps of paper" touches my sense of honour and good faith, so let me hasten to clear myself of the reproach which it involves. I fully admit that my assailants are right in theory, though in practice I may claim forgiveness for colloquial departure from constitutional rule. Nothing can be more definite than the declaration of the Act of Union, that "on the First of May, 1707, and for ever after, the kingdoms of England and Scotland shall be united into one kingdom, by the name of Great Britain." So far, the case is clear; and if my critics and I had lived in the eighteenth century, and I had been writing about the Seven Years' War, they would have been fully justified in insisting that I should write of "Great Britain in War-Time"; and,

though the phrase would not have come very trippingly off the pen, I think I should have obeyed.

But the centuries as they lapse bring changes; and England, having been united to Scotland in 1707, united herself to Ireland in 1800. The second Act of Union was to the full as precise as its predecessor; and declared that "the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall, on the 1st day of January, 1801, and for ever after, be united into one Kingdom, by the name of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Thenceforward, if we are to follow the iron rule of adhesion to legal phraseology, it would have been as irregular to write about "Great Britain in War-Time" as about "England in War-Time." When we came to discuss the Peninsular War, the only phrase to satisfy the purist would have been: "Great Britain and Ireland in War-Time," and Irishmen, if they had been as sensitive as my Scottish correspondent, might have been deterred from joining the army by the omission of their country's name. When we think what Irish soldiers, from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Roberts, have done for England, we

realize what we should have lost if Irishmen had stood too stiffly for legal form.

But the troubles of the purist do not end there. Twice since 1801 important additions have been made to the royal style, and both have been founded on what my correspondent sarcastically calls "scraps of paper," or Acts of Parliament. At the present hour our gracious Sovereign is styled "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." Here we see that a sound principle may be ridden too hard, and that a well-grounded theory may need some modification in practice. If my Scottish critics are right, I ought to have written: "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond Seas, and the Empire of India—in War-Time." It would have been a completely, indeed an exhaustively, correct statement of the national position; but would it not have been a little long-winded?

I turn now to more personal considerations. One of my correspondents says: "There was no worse offender in this matter of saying

'England' instead of 'Great Britain' than Queen Victoria." Here at once I feel my position strengthened, and my offence reduced to the smallest dimensions. If there was one sentiment more deeply embedded than another in that royal and motherly heart, it was a love of Scotland, and, if I err in speaking of "England," I err in the very best company. The Queen was proud of her descent from the royal house of Scotland; and proud of Scottish loyalty. She loved the scenery, the traditions, the music, and even the tartans of Scotland. Her happiest hours were spent among her devoted Highlanders; and nothing would have pained her more than the suggestion that any word of hers "hurt recruiting." But, as my correspondent says, she never shrank from calling herself Queen of England. When the Prussian Court absurdly and offensively proposed that the Princess Royal should go over to Berlin in order to be married to the late Emperor Frederick, the Queen refused with emphatic displeasure: "Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England."

No doubt, in all official and diplomatic correspondence, "Great Britain" has been, since the union with Scotland, the recognized and usual style, and only the well-known principle of "the laziness of language" has prevented the addition of Ireland; but, in familiar intercourse, whether written or spoken, "England" has held its own. Perhaps my Scottish critics will be more lenient when I remind them that the liberty of speech which we claim for ourselves we gladly concede to them. An Englishman, as he wanders through the loveliest scenery of the Highlands, chances on a reposeful greensward and a refreshing fountain, and never dreams of grumbling at the inscription on the tablet, which bids him rest, "and drink and pray for Scotland's Queen." We all agree that, when the Royal Standard floats on the north side of the Tweed, the first quarter of the shield should display, not the three leopards of England, but the "ruddy lion" that "ramps in gold." When, as his first act of sovereignty, the King swears to maintain the Church of Scotland, no Englishman demurs to that royal bond. No one wishes to assail the national institutions of Scotland, her religion,

her judicature, or her education. Many of us would gladly see the restoration of a Scottish Parliament, and the return of the good times, desiderated in the "Heart of Midlothian," when Scotland "had a King, and a chancellor, and parliament-men o' her ain," and was bound to England only by the golden link of the Crown. Scotland, by her romantic beauty, takes us all captive; and Scott and Burns and Irving and Chalmers are names to conjure with, here as well as there. "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland"—a pompous abstract of treaties and statutes—can never stir the heart as "Scotland," or "Ireland" or even "England" stirs it. When a Scottish poet in exile wrote:

> "And my native land, whose magical name
> Thrills to the heart like electric flame,"

he did not mean "Great Britain"; and our Scottish fellow-subjects must try to believe that, when we use the name which reminds us that we are Anglo-Saxons, we intend no kind of disrespect to those romantic Kingdoms with which it has pleased Providence to unite us. "A thousand years have scarce sufficed to make

our blessed England what it is ; an hour may lay it in the dust." Our motto is not "England over all" ; but "England all the way."

"Now we tread the beech-mast,
Now the ploughland's clay,
Now the faëry ball-floor of her fields in May ;
Now her red June sorrel, now her new-turned hay ;
Now we keep the great road, now by sheep-path stray,
Still it's 'England,' 'England,'
'England' all the way!" *

* A. S. Cripps.

CHAPTER XVII

AN UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTMAS

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love *—salvation and release.

The Christian Year.

To-DAY the Churches are preparing to celebrate the establishment of the Christian Kingdom. Choirs are practising "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." Preachers are meditating discourses on that transcendent goodness which emptied itself of glory, and made its choice for self-abasement and self-sacrifice. Even those who reject the Christian dogma recognize the humanitarian claims of Christmas, and glow with an honest enthusiasm for the Brotherhood of Man. Yet at this moment a mysterious fate is making our

* From the Vulgate: "Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis."

sons "pass through the fire unto Moloch." We are pouring out huge libations of innocent blood, which we do not indeed grudge, but which we can ill spare. We are offering a sacrifice of which no human being can calculate the cost and the dimensions; and all for a sacred cause threatened by the anti-human lust of military domination. Now, as of old, there is not a house where "there is not one dead," or at best the long-drawn agony of anticipated bereavement. We are engaged in a warfare of the spirit; we are fighting for the ideal of Brotherhood against the ideal of Despotism. We watch, not with dry eyes but with unshaken hearts, the endless procession of young English manhood, reared in castles or in slums, which day by day is turning its back on "youth and bloom and this delightful world," and marching, straight and steady, to its unknown doom. It will be something gained if we can learn from the example daily set before us to quit us like men and be strong.

The strength which we require is the strength of moral courage. For us, as for our brothers at the front, there is the imperious call of Right, and like them we must throw consequences to

the winds and obey it. In spite of all that has come and gone—in spite of all that is happening around us—we must at all costs maintain our loyalty to the vision of Christmas. We must stand fast to our old belief that peace on earth and brotherhood among men are still the true ideals of human existence; that whatever violates or retards them is not a victory or a triumph, but a loss and a defeat; and that war—even righteous war—is, in the scriptural sense of the word, a "visitation," and a "judgment."

In a sense, I suppose, we all believe this; and, even though we forget it at other times, our conscience is quickened by Christmas. Europe, once only a geographical expression, has long been a part, and a rather vainglorious part, of Christendom. Enthusiasm for the Papacy, or for Lutheranism, or for the English Reformation, has often blinded its votaries to the truth that our religion regards the whole human family as one, and takes no heed of geographical or of theological divisions. This vaingloriousness of European religion is probably related, in its causes to that insolent temper which vents itself in vulgarity about "lesser breeds" and imperfect civilizations.

We habitually forget the enormous debt, both intellectual and spiritual, which the West owes to the East; and even a Western nation, when it strives to raise its standard of social civilization, incurs our ridicule, or at best our languid patronage.

Europe, at any rate since the Renaissance, has considered itself the natural home of Culture, and, in Europe, France, Germany, and England have assumed the chief part in the task of teaching the other nations how to live. Yet, after four centuries of that endeavour, we seem to need the very lesson which we have been so apt to teach. We still copy the manners of those primæval monsters who "tare each other in the slime," and, in spite of our professed devotion to all that Christmas implies, we have discovered no better method of settling international disputes than the sacrifice —on a larger scale than the world has ever seen —of human life. At such a moment it needs perhaps some moral courage to stand our ground, and to reaffirm our belief that "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men" is not the hideous sarcasm of some mocking fiend, but the God-given picture of our predestined perfection.

We must not be afraid to reiterate our protest against the rule of Force, and the devilish dogma that Might is Right. The need for this particular kind of courage is illustrated by the late Professor Cramb's odious book.* What makes that book so peculiarly offensive is that, while the writer professes to be attacking Germany and unmasking her designs, he obviously admires and fears her, and wishes to see England imitating her worst faults. This is truly the attitude of the cur which cringes before the mastiff, frightened to death by the murderous strength, but secretly longing that all his brother-curs—the Kingdom of Curdom—could be as strong and as murderous. Well said the brilliant writer who calls himself "Viator": "I regard the late Professor Cramb as a pestilent doctrinaire, to be fought as one fights the devil—a Prussianized Englishman and a match for the *Italianato* of the proverb."

Exactly opposite to all this is the teaching of Christmas, the teaching, by the way, which Cramb parodied, human infancy in its utter feebleness; the manger-bed of poverty and

* "Germany and England."

humiliation ; are the outward and visible tokens of the moral force which vanquished the imperial might of a world-wide dominion. Christianity conquered by enduring. As Bishop Creighton said, it "impressed the Roman world by its power of producing men who were strong in self-control ; and this must always be its contribution to the world." It confronted sensuality by self-discipline. It rebuked covetousness by extolling poverty. It taught men that life does not consist in possessions ; and that service rather than dominance is the highest lot. Above all, it bore unfaltering witness to the supreme claim of Right, and suffered itself to be burnt to ashes, or boiled in oil, or torn to pieces by the lions in the arena, sooner than bow the knee to godless and triumphant Might. This was the temper which Christmas brought into the world.

There is yet another point on which it behoves us to stand firm, or, if we have lost ground, to recover it. I mean our detestation of cruelty. One of the most horrible effects of war is to destroy sensibility ; one of the paramount duties of the higher life is to cherish it. Not for nothing has the horror of blood and

agony and torture been implanted in regenerate humanity; but that horror may easily be deadened, and the humanitarian conscience "seared with a hot iron," by long contemplation of hideous events.

"If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale death of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half-dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted upon mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and oppressions of a century." *

Six months ago the news that a ship had gone down with all hands would have been enough to depress the lightest heart; a story of bloodshed or mutilation would have sickened the stoutest. Yet these things are now part of our daily experience; and it is only by an effort that we can realize what they mean to those who are directly affected by them.

When the Cato-street Conspirators of 1820

* Sydney Smith.

were hanged, the heads were hacked off the dead bodies, and were held up to the execration of the crowd, with the ancient formula, "This is the head of a traitor." Some of those who were present at this barbarous rite left it on record that, when the executioner exhibited the first of these trophies, an awful sound, between a groan and a shriek, burst from the crowd of sight-seers. But, by the time that the fifth head was to be removed, the knife had grown blunt, the operation was slower, and the air resounded with shouts of "Go it, butter-fingers! Don't be all day. We want to get home for breakfast!" Which things are an allegory. Very quickly does the sensation of horror pass away; and, when it passes, we lose one of the strongest prophylactics against that spirit of devilry which is always watching its chance to enter into the human heart and dwell there.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SWORD ON THE COFFIN

I know not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. . . . But lay on my coffin a *sword;* for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation-War of Humanity.—HEINRICH HEINE.

THIS fine saying always recurs to my mind as December 29 comes round—for that was Gladstone's birthday; and, though one cannot conceive him using words of eulogy about himself, a disciple may be allowed to point out their peculiar appropriateness. When he lay dying, an unknown admirer sent him this noble salutation: "You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England," and any one who has even helped to "keep the soul alive in England" has rendered vitally important aid in the Liberation-War of Humanity.

Did that soul die when Gladstone died? It is a question which, during the last sixteen years, has repeatedly forced itself on the minds of

those who followed him while he was still on earth; and it has not always been easy to answer. What is certainly true is that, as soon as he died, a great majority of Englishmen, and among them a multitude of professing Liberals, betook themselves to a new and very un-Gladstonian theory of the public good. They began to worship the hideous and discredited idols of Imperialism—bluster and swagger, and Might against Right. They humbled themselves before the combined despotism of the purse and the sword. They discarded the glorious tradition of humanity and freedom, and made abject terms with what Ruskin called "the obscene empires of Mammon and Belial."

It was remarkable, and it was lamentable, that this absolute and all-round negation of Liberalism was joyfully accepted by men who, only a very few years before, had gloried in the name of Gladstonian. Rapid indeed was their conversion to almost the exact opposite of all that their late leader had believed and taught.

If there is one ideal with which, more conspicuously than with any other, Gladstone's

name stands identified, it is the supremacy of moral principle in political issues. As Lord Morley has finely said: "When he saw the nations stumbling into paths of wrong he had in his soul a vision, high in the heavens, of the flash of an uplifted sword, and the gleam of the arm of the Avenging Angel." And here is the same truth in other words: "He was for an iron fidelity to public engagements, and a stern regard for public law which is the legitimate defence for small countries against the great and powerful." It was when Palmerston was trying to bully Greece, in the then famous case of Don Pacifico, that Gladstone laid down the noble rule of conduct in foreign affairs which I have already quoted: "Let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay that respect to a feeble State, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire, and should exact from others, towards their maturity and their strength."

Herbert Spencer was indeed a teacher with whom Gladstone had little in common; but in his treatise on "Rebarbarization," Spencer expressed the very spirit of Gladstonianism—

"There are those, and unhappily they form

the great majority, who think there is something noble (morally as well as historically) in the exercise of command—in the forcing of others to abandon their own wills and fulfil the will of the commander. I am not about to contest this sentiment. I merely say that there are others, unhappily but few, who think it ignoble to bring their fellow-creatures into subjection, and who think the noble thing is not only to respect their freedom, but to defend it."

Then, again, Gladstone felt, as few statesmen have ever felt, the calamitousness of war. Not that he was, to use the jargon of political controversy, a "peace-at-any-price" man. Indeed, it would have been well for him, and well for England, if at the time of the Crimea, and at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, his love of peace had asserted itself more powerfully. He believed that there are some causes, such as independence and freedom and the defence of the weak, for which a civilized nation must always be prepared to draw the sword. He may have judged wrongly—I think he did—as to the particular occasions on which the sword should be drawn. But he entered on war reluctantly; he pursued it without thought of gain or glory; he closed it as

speedily as he judged compatible with the true interests of the country; and he regarded the avoidance of it as the highest achievement of statesmanship. Thus I heard him say in 1880, with reference to the *Alabama* arbitration: "We regard the fine imposed on us as dust in the balance when compared with the moral value of the example set when the great nations of England and America, who are among the most fiery and the most jealous in the world with regard to anything that touches national honour, went in peace and concord before a judicial tribunal rather than resort to the horrible arbitrament of the sword."

But though Gladstone was so staunch for peace when it could be secured without sacrifice of duty or honour, it would be a profound mistake to think that, whether in the case of nations or of individuals who had offended against public law, he was inclined to a mawkish clemency. Though he was the most forgiving and placable of men in personal dealings, always ready to "shake hands and make it up" after the most strenuous encounter, I always felt that when he believed himself to be acting in the public

interest he might fairly be described as ruthless. At such moments he stayed neither at palliating words, nor at half-measures. This element in his character is aptly illustrated by his reply to John Bright, who urged that Arabi might not be put to death. "In truth I must say that, having begun with no prejudice against him, and with the strong desire that he should be saved, I am almost driven to the conclusion that he is a bad man, and that it will not be an injustice if he goes the road which thousands of his innocent countrymen, through him, have trodden." When the persecuted Armenians were crying to Christian England for help against the Great Assassin, and England was turning a deaf ear, this greatest of Englishmen uttered his indignant cry: "Every extreme of wickedness is sacrosanct when it passes in a Turkish garb."

At the outset I asked, "Did the soul of England die when Gladstone died?" I answer my own question. It did not die; just because it was a soul, and therefore immortal. But it fell into a long, disastrous, and disgraceful trance. From that trance it was wakened by a combination of unexpected

shocks; and among them I put the shame and agony of the South African war, which taught us once again the most certain lesson of history —that what is morally wrong can never be politically right. To-day it is our turn to teach the lesson which we then had to learn; and,

> "If aught of things that here befall
> Touch a spirit among things divine,"

we may feel assured that in our present endeavour we are sustained by the spirit of the man who of all the rulers that England has ever known was most conspicuously a Christian.

CHAPTER XX

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

I think the beginning of a New Year very animating, it is so visible an occasion for breaking off bad habits and carrying into effect good resolutions. I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN January, 1915, I fear there are not many of us who could say with any approach to truthfulness what Matthew Arnold said in January, 1882. Even of that small minority of the human race who ever read books for pleasure, and of the still smaller minority who plan their reading beforehand, very few have this year got through even their normal number of books. Autumn and early winter are, I suppose, the periods of the year when people do the bulk of

their reading. The distractions of the Session and the Season are over. Only the most determined sportsmen can be employed out of doors from morning to night; the days are short and the evenings long; and we work our will upon the novels and the biographies which every one has been telling us to read ever since they came out in the previous spring. But this year all is changed. Ever since last August even book-lovers have been living on newspapers, and like the Athenians of old have "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Even those of us whom inveterate habit has drawn towards the library have been fobbed off with what Lamb called *Biblia-a-biblia*—books that are no books—dismal translations from writers whose names end in 'schke and 'zsche; obsolete treatises on the art of war; annals of the Franco-German Campaign of 1870; or Professor Cramb's distressing lectures. If this war has done nothing else, it has at least done what Goethe accused the French Revolution of doing—it has "thrown quiet culture back."

But the Turn of the Year brings with it

graver retrospects and more anxious questionings. What has the past year done for us? What is the fresh year bringing?

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, 'O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough, and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?'
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring."

Is this meant for poetry? I avoid a direct answer, and say, evasively, that it was signed by Tennyson, though it is not, I believe, to be found in his Collected Works; and was published in "Good Words" (which for once was a misnomer).

But though Tennyson, with his "blowing" and "knowing" and "going," did his best to make it comical, the Turn of the Year has a solemnity which cannot be ignored. We may stifle or conceal our emotions; but Nature is too

strong to be coerced, and, though we may refuse to utter, we cannot choose but feel. Wiser, I think, than they who attempt or affect an impossible stoicism were those frankly human characters who, from time to time, have entered in their private diaries the thoughts which New Year's Eve has awakened in their minds. At such moments, as in times of illness, danger, or sorrow, the true inwardness of a man's nature reveals itself with a curious frankness. Let us begin with that most candid of diarists, Samuel Pepys, who thus concluded his annual review on the last evening of 1665: "Thus ends the year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1,300 to £4,400. I have got myself greater interest by my diligence, and my employments increased. My whole family hath been well all this time, and all my friends I know of, saving my Aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my Cousin Sarah's, of the Plague." Poor Aunt Bell! dead of the plague, and I fear so little mourned. Poor Cousin Sarah's children! not worthy to be even named, but huddled into a parenthesis.

In the concrete instance of Mr. Pepys we

see embodied not a few of the qualities which, by reaction, created Puritanism. On the other hand, his contemporary, John Evelyn, had all the virtues which Puritanism is sometimes supposed to monopolize, and blended them with the graciousness, the sweetness, and the "overflowing humanity" which even Milton lacked. In his intimate and touching diary, year after year closes with such entries as this: "December 31, 1685—Recollecting the passage of the yeare past and made up accounts, humbly besought Almighty God to pardon those my sinns which had provoked Him to discompose my sorrowful family, and that He would accept of our humiliation, and in His good time restore comfort to it."

In this literature of the Turn of the Year we now clear two centuries at a bound, and find ourselves in company with a modern Pepys—a discreet and virtuous Pepys indeed, but in his smug complacency very like his predecessor. John Thadeus Delane, for thirty-six years Editor of the *Times*, wrote thus on December 31, 1863—

"A merry Round Game at night, in the midst of which the Old Year ended—a year

again in which I have very much to be thankful for; a year of hard work, but fair health and little trouble, a year of hope, increased favour and reputation. May the New Year use me as well.

"December 31, 1866. For almost all the world it has been a bad year—bad health, great losses, great calamities, and almost uninterrupted bad weather. But none of these evils, thank God! except the last, has reached me—and I have passed a year in great happiness and average prosperity with unbroken health. I believe I never was in greater favour with all whose esteem I value."

That last sentence might have been written by Pepys himself; but, where he had in mind the Duke of York and Lord Brouncker, Delane was more concerned with Lord Derby and Mr. Walter of the *Times*.

From religious biographies I might, of course, make edifying quotations without end; but I have in mind Mrs. Linnet, in "Scenes of Clerical Life," and her contempt for the memoirs of "dropsical divines" which her more spiritually-minded daughters constrained her to read. From a book which has no distinctly religious character, but which yet is

full of natural and wholesome feeling—the "Letters of Queen Victoria"—I cite some words which she addressed to her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, on the last day of 1854—the first year of the Crimean War—

"May God bless you and yours in this New Year, and, though the old one departs in war and blood, may we hope to see this year restore peace to this troubled world, and may *we* meet again."

To-day these words, in themselves so simple, acquire a new and deep significance; but there really is no need to quote, for the Turn of the Year has a voice of its own, and few can be deaf to it. Men may spend the moment of transition from Old to New in very various ways—under the festooned holly in panelled halls; singing "Auld Lang Syne" on the steps of St. Paul's; kneeling in crowded congregations of worshippers at Watch Night Services; or alone, in bitter-sweet reveries, by a dying fire in a solitary study.

But, spend it how and where we may, the stroke of midnight on the 31st of December speaks to the heart with a peculiar thrill. We

look before and after. The soul is oppressed by disconsolate misgivings; and the question, which cannot be answered, refuses to be silenced: "This time twelve months, where shall I be, and what shall I be doing?" Such are the normal meditations of New Year's Eve; but on the last day of 1914 they took, for most of us, a different form. All personal questions were lost in larger, and more fateful, issues. What will be the condition of England twelve months hence? Shall we still be at war? Shall we have won a resounding victory for freedom and humanity? Shall we have concluded an inglorious peace? *Domine mi, tu scis.* "Lord, thou knowest."

CHAPTER XXI

WAR AND TENDERNESS

Fort comme le diamant ; plus tendre qu'une mère.
H. D. LACORDAIRE.

HARD and tender—the combination sounds like a paradox, and yet it has in it the making of the perfect man.

"Fort comme le diamant"—a simile, like an analogy, must not be pressed too far ; but, in choosing the diamond to illustrate his meaning, Lacordaire must have had in mind the union of stainless purity with unconquerable fortitude. In the white light of the precious stone, the manifold hues of the prism are blended like the component elements of a noble nature ; and the gem has a power both of resisting and of penetrating, which makes it an apt symbol of righteous hardness. Stress must be laid on "righteous," for we all know only too well that there is a kind of hardness

which is neither righteous, nor in any sense admirable :

> "This man's metallic ; at a sudden blow
> His soul rings hard. I cannot lay my palm.
> Trembling with life, upon the jointed brass.
> I shudder at the cold, unanswering touch;
> But, if it press me in response, I'm bruised." *

This kind of hardness, which is insensible to every appeal, however tender and moving, and bruises the hand that touches it in love or entreaty, is one of the most detestable, and not one of the rarest, of qualities. It is the very temper of Materialism, and of that abominable doctrine of human life which places the advancement of the race in the extirpation of the feeble and of all whom it is pleased to pronounce "Unfit."

The holy hardness which Lacordaire extolled is a very different quality. It is hard towards itself. It knows the absolute necessity of self-discipline. It can even rejoice in self-sacrifice. It is indeed the very stuff out of which martyrs and confessors are fashioned. And, externally, it is hard—not towards failure and infirmity, but towards falsehood and cruelty and insolence. It can endure, but it can also punish. As the

* George Eliot.

tenderness saves the hardness from becoming brutal, so the hardness saves the tenderness from degenerating into moral flaccidity, and mawkish tolerance of hideous wrong. "Tender and True" was the noble motto of a famous race; and true tenderness will, like true charity, give its own body to be burned; but will not look on, in timid or idle acquiescence, while a small nation is trampled underfoot, or human liberty is strangled.

"Plus tendre qu'une mère." Surely it is the most beautiful exemplification of tenderness. A mother's love means an absolute self-sacrifice for the dependent life, a passionate sympathy with its wants and weaknesses; a supernatural courage in defending it from danger. Above all, a mother's love is born of suffering; and the truest tenderness has a similar origin. Even so said George Eliot, "A heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has learned pity through suffering—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the 'balance of happiness,' the 'doctrine of compensation,' and other short and easy methods of obtaining complacency in the presence of another's pain."

I am—Heaven knows—no lover of war. The vast majority of the wars which have been waged in the history of the world have been wars dictated and vitiated by wrong motives. But the war in which we are engaged to-day is dictated by Tenderness towards the victims of oppression, and therefore demands all the salutary Hardness which we can supply—both the hardness of endurance and the hardness of action.

As far as our actual combatants are concerned, they are showing this high quality in ample measure. From St. Paul's days, to "endure hardness" has been the mark of the "good soldier"; and our private correspondence, even more convincingly than what we read in newspapers, tells us that it has become second nature, not least to those who, before the war began, had no notion of what "hardness" meant.

But endurance is only one half of Hardness. Righteous war requires not less the hardness of action—the spirit which, when duty is plain, smites and spares not. I lately received a letter from a young officer of artillery, saying not a word about Hardness, in the sense of

privation or danger, but thus illustrating Hardness in action: "It seemed strange for me, who have always loved church architecture, and have tried to keep Sunday in a Christian way, to spend all last Sunday in trying to shell a beautiful Gothic tower—or rather, to spare the tower and kill the Germans on it."

On Hardness, whether active or passive, displayed in the field, it is impertinent to enlarge; but Hardness is not less necessary for us at home. We must brace ourselves to bear the various burdens which war lays upon us; to control emotionalism, and to discipline our lives. We must learn to mourn without complaining, and to suffer the torturing pain of long-continued anxiety. We must so play our part as citizens that the solid force of an Empire, united in a great enterprise, may be seen and felt all round the world.

This is salutary Hardness; but Tenderness is wanted to make the ideal complete, and here again we are daily receiving lessons from the front, which the most zealous humanitarian may be proud to learn—tenderness to the wounded, tenderness to captive foes, tenderness to the dying, tenderness to the memory of

the departed, tenderness to the anxieties of friends at home, tenderness to those who mourn, and withal a complete self-forgetfulness and a care for others which no torture can subdue. A lad from whose wounds the life-blood was draining pushed away the water which was pressed to his parched lips, saying: "Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me." He died, but his spirit lives.

It seems to be mercifully ordained that true Tenderness should survive even the hardening influences of war. A private soldier who had fought under Lord Roberts once said to me: "He's *too* merciful; he wouldn't hurt a human being if he could help it."

Here is the testimony borne (in a letter to me) by a Hospital Chaplain now in France—

"I am glad to say one does not get hardened in Hospital. Disgust of the madness that can send lumps of soulless iron to play horrid havoc with fine minds and bodies grows daily—it is disgust: no other word suits. But a priest can have no better place, no lovelier ministry, than in these moaning wards. I have been at it here now for four months; and I believe they mean to keep me at Hospital work. But

neither the pain of the wounded, nor the grief of the bereaved, grows stale, or ever begins even to seem a little thing."

And Tenderness does not end with tenderness for human beings; and England shows the best side of her nature when, amid the Hardness with which she endures, and the Tenderness with which she ministers, she remembers the non-human members of the "groaning and travailing creation." It is easy enough to ridicule the generous rivalries of Violet Crosses and Blue Crosses, and Dumb Friends' Leagues, and Societies for the Protection of Horses in time of War; but we shall not fight the worse because, amid the pressure of our own anxieties, we have remembered the community in suffering of man and beast:

"There is no sword on earth that time will not lay at the feet of the Angel of Death; and the soldiers of the Church Militant of humane belief confidently await the findings of that great Court Martial which all appeals of humanity must reach at last."

CHAPTER XXII

THE MORAL DISCIPLINE OF WAR

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—*The Epistle to the Hebrews.*

"THE Scourge of God" is too tremendous a title for an individual tyrant. It has been so applied by historians and poets, but rightly it belongs rather to things than to persons. It befits those gigantic calamities of pestilence, famine, and war which from time to time have been permitted to alter the aspect of the world, and to affect the progress of human society. Of course, I do not deny individual responsibility. "Who has despised the day of small things?" —certainly no wise historian. The ground-landlord who neglects sanitary science may provoke an outbreak of fever. The speculator in wheat may create an artificial scarcity. The king who threatens, or the statesman who

intrigues, may precipitate a war.' Heavy and undeniable is the responsibility in each case; but "the scourge of God" is not the individual wrong-doer—it is the evil, greater or smaller, which the wrong-doer is permitted, for purposes to us unrevealed, to inflict on his fellow-men.

The particular "scourge" under which just now we, in common with the greater part of Europe, are suffering is the scourge of war. To evade it is impossible. To grow harder and more dissolute under it is fatally easy. To profit by it—to emerge from the discipline morally better—is difficult; and the official guides of the national conscience have not, so far, given us much help. So says the distinguished clergyman who writes in the *Manchester Guardian* under the title of "Artifex," and I agree with him.

The very fact that our present cause is just has helped to confuse the issue. People seem to forget that the sufferings which we are called to endure, even in a righteous war, may be the penalty due to national wrongdoing in other directions. Perhaps the penalty has been incurred by wrongdoing in which individually we

have had no part; but this, though it seems hard, is not wonderful. It is a commonplace of experience in the physical world that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children; and, in the world of polity, it often happens that the individual citizen has to bear the chastisement due to offences which he never committed—nay, against which he has protested to the limits of his strength.

I cannot pretend to regard war—even righteous war—as anything but a "scourge of God." For war is death on the largest scale and in the most hideous aspect; and, though painters and preachers have depicted death as the Friend, St. Paul tells us that "the last Enemy that shall be destroyed is death." War, then, is a gigantic enemy. Sydney Smith, whose fame as a master of humour has made people forget that he was a moralist, saw this truth, which clergymen as a rule deny. He affirmed as plainly as the most clamorous patriot that England was morally bound to defend her existence and her freedom against the anti-human ambition of Napoleon; but, when once the great deliverance was achieved, he renewed his life-long protest against what he called, "the

greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind." I must quote his vigorous words, which might have been written with prophetic reference to the lectures of the late Professor Cramb: "The atrocities and horrors and disgusts of war have never been half enough insisted upon by the teachers of the people; but the worst of evils and the greatest of follies have been varnished over with specious names, and the gigantic robbers and murderers of the world have been holden up for imitation to the weak eyes of youth."

War, I say, is a "scourge," a chastisement, or we may prefer more ecclesiastical language, and may call it, with "Artifex," a "judgment."

"Of course, the idea of divine judgments may be out of date, and inconsistent with the teachings of science. But in that case we had better discard the Bible and the Prayer Book, for their witness seems all in favour of the idea of a judgment."

But, by whatever name we call war, we mean the same thing; and, if we are to profit by the discipline, we must enquire into the causes which brought it on us. They are not, I think, very far to seek. Some are national offences,

such as uncleanness, gambling, drunkenness, commercial immorality, disregard of Sunday, interference with the divine law of population; and these are too obvious to need more than mention. To them I should add, the neglect of a great opportunity. One "judgment," rightly used, may avert another. If we had profited as we might by our last experience of the "scourge" of war, perhaps we should now be at peace with God and man.

I have to-day received a letter from a well-known and excellent Methodist, who writes in an almost jubilant strain, "Out of this sad war will come forth a higher type of manhood. It is a terrible process to go through, but great blessings are going to come to us all, as a result of this awful trial through which we are passing."

Alas! We have heard that language before, and bitterly has it been falsified by the event. I am thinking, of course, of the South African war, which Christian ministers, of all confessions, welcomed with effusion, and on which even such pacificists as Bishop Westcott poured "an oil of unclean consecration." It began, continued, and ended with drunkenness—who that was

present on the platforms can ever forget the departure of the troops? Do we not remember the nights of "mafficking"? Then, as now, generous and innocent blood was shed like water; hearts were broken; homes were desolated. And who emerged the better for it all?

"Good work is never done for hatred, any more than hire; but for love only. For love of their country, or their leader, or their duty, men fight steadily; but for massacre and plunder, feebly. Your signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' they will answer; your signal of Black Flag and Death's Head they will not answer. And verily they will answer it no more in commerce than in battle. The cross-bones will not make a good shop-sign any more than a good battle-standard. Not the Cross-Bones but the Cross."

In one sense of betterment, no doubt the alien financiers in whose interests the war had been undertaken were the "better" for what Great Britain did and suffered; but of moral betterment—of ethical and social improvement—there was not the faintest sign. Rather the contrary. There was a vehement reaction from the discipline of war, and it expressed itself in unbounded

self-indulgence. Various influences, social and personal and economic, combined to produce the result; and it pervaded, from the highest to the lowest, all the grades of society, except those which have nothing to spend. Never, since the reign of George IV., had England abandoned herself so completely to fleshliness and ostentation and "a reprobate mind." The traces of this reaction survived even into the present reign. As a nation, we had refused to learn the lessons which war was designed to teach us, and to-day we are learning them in a harder school. God grant that, this time, we may profit by the discipline. I close with the words of a great orator, uttered in 1885, when public indignation was rising against a heinous form of national wrong-doing: "From England indignant I expect but little; from England repentant I expect much."

CHAPTER XXIII

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

The blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave.—R. L. SHEIL.

My first title has something of a theological sound, but I do not use it with a theological intention. War has welded the component parts of the Empire into a closer unity than they have ever known before; but it has not obliterated national characteristics. What is true, in a wider sense, of our fellow-citizens beyond seas is true of the British. Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, all retain, and will retain, the peculiar qualities which heredity has stamped upon each separate race, and which make the strength and the flexibility

of the whole. This is what I mean by Unity in Diversity.

To this idea of Unity we all are loyal enough, just now more so than ever before. We realize that our hope of victory lies in the closeness of our union. Germany was told that we were disunited, that one revolution was impending in Ireland, another in South Africa, a third in India, and that the outrages of the Suffragettes amounted to a fourth. So Germany thought that the time was ripe for a shattering blow; the blow was repulsed by our united Empire. Germany was undeceived, and Great Britain rejoiced. But while we are thus loyal—and with good reason—to the idea of Unity, we often are indifferent, nay, even hostile to the idea of Diversity.

To survey our relations with India and the Colonies would carry me beyond my limits, but I can sufficiently illustrate what I mean without travelling outside the British Isles. Of the unity of the United Kingdom John Bull is justly proud; but in the diversity of its component parts he too often sees material for clumsy and ill-informed jesting.

In order that we may arrive at a better

mind, first let us cross the Tweed, and note the characteristics of that remarkable race which annexed the Crown of England to its own, and made its sixth King James our first. For three centuries Englishmen have clung blindfold to two imaginary axioms—that the Scotch are skinflints, and that the Scotch have no sense of humour. Yet history bristles with the names of Scotsmen who ventured their all for causes which meant total ruin, such as the cause of romantic loyalty in 1745, and the cause of spiritual freedom just a century later; while, as to the axiomatic want of humour, it suffices to quote the names of Burns and Scott and Carlyle and Stevenson and Lang.

I turn to Wales. Here our traditional view has been purely comic, except when the comedy was relieved by brutality. Welshmen were small; Welshmen were poor; Welshmen ate leeks; Welshmen ignored the rights of property; Welshmen could speak no intelligible language. Their shortcomings in these respects were embedded in proverbs and nursery-rhymes, which never failed to make John Bull chuckle. The chief organ of John Bullish opinion—*The Times*—took a tone of loftier

insult. "The Welsh language," it said, "is the curse of Wales. Its prevalence, and the ignorance of English, have excluded, and even now exclude, the Welsh people from the civilization of their English neighbours. An Eisteddfod is one of the most mischievous and selfish pieces of sentimentalism which could possibly be perpetrated. It is simply a foolish interference with the natural progress of civilization and prosperity. If it is desirable that the Welsh should talk English, it is monstrous folly to encourage them in a loving fondness for their old language. *Not only the energy and power, but the intelligence and music, of Europe have come mainly from Teutonic sources,* and this glorification of everything Celtic, if it were not pedantry, would be sheer ignorance. The sooner all Welsh specialities disappear from the face of the earth, the better." I cannot forbear to italicize that tribute of the *Times* to Teutonism.

Being myself in part a Welshman, I should naturally resent the impertinence; but I ask people with no drop of Welsh blood in their veins to compare John Bull's estimate of the Welsh with the reality. I recall some

Philippses and Vivians and Wynns whom I have known, and I ask: Does not the Principality produce well-grown sons? Have not huge fortunes been dug out of Welsh slate and Welsh coal? Is Cock-a-leekie a Welsh dish? Is property less safe in Carnarvonshire or Cardiganshire than in Kent or Surrey? And, if any one has a mind to scoff at the Welsh language, he had better consult the shade of Owen Jones, the peasant-lad of Denbighshire, who became a London tradesman, and, "far away from the green vale of Clwyd, and the mountains of his native Wales," devoted the makings and savings of his lifetime to the "Myvyrian Archæology," and so rescued from oblivion the literature of Wales.

We cross what Gladstone called "that evil-minded sea, the Irish Channel," and we at once find ourselves among a people whose temperament, as we know it to-day, is quite curiously unlike what our fathers believed it to be. For the last forty years the Irish have filled an extremely large place in our public life. Ireland has spoken to us by a thousand voices, eloquent, forcible, passionate, persuasive, but she has never contributed a joke to our

public discussions. Gravity, sincerity, intensity, have been the dominant notes of the Irish chorus, and not seldom the gravity has deepened into pathos. The leader to whom Ireland gave her most confiding loyalty was the gravest, sternest, and least humorous of mankind; and the author who at the present time most accurately interprets Ireland to England sees all things Irish through a mist of hopelessness. To understand the characters of our neighbours —to recognize the diversities which distinguish Scotsmen and Irishmen and Welshmen from Englishmen—is the first step towards that "Union of Hearts" which comradeship in a great campaign is translating from rhetoric into action.

The Union Jack is a noble flag, and symbolizes the union of three kingdoms by combining the crosses of their three Patron Saints. It is true that Wales is not a kingdom, but still St. Andrew and St. George and St. Patrick might find room for St. David's golden cross. Great is the value of symbolism, and not least where Celtic races are concerned. The Royal Arms of Great Britain form a glorious blazon; but it would please me still

better than it does, if, in its fourth quarter, instead of reproducing the golden leopards of England, it displayed the Red Dragon which is the symbol of the Principality—

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship.

And when could this change be more suitably made than now, when the nineteenth English Prince of Wales is fighting under the standard of our world-wide empire?

CHAPTER XXIV

WAR AND NATIONALITIES

God . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth ; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.—ST. PAUL.

A RIDICULOUS correspondent tells me that I ought to be ashamed of myself. Why? Because I have paid a tribute to the racial characteristics of our fellow-citizens in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. An Englishman, it appears, ought only to praise Englishmen. I should have thought differently. To praise oneself is proverbially immodest, and to praise one's own race is to commit the same fault on a larger scale. We may cherish in our inmost heart the conviction that the English are the best people on the face of the earth ; but it is better manners and better sense to recognize the characteristic virtues of other races without the least disparagement to our own. "It takes all

sorts to make a world" is a homely proverb; it would not have become a proverb if it had not expressed the essential truth of the matter; but John Bull has been apt to forget it. Not long ago I was reading the journals of Goldwin Smith, a man as English as his name, and trained in the best traditions of Eton and Oxford; and this was his description of a Continental tour in hot weather: "I found myself in a molten mass of jabbering Frenchmen and expectorating Germans." Perhaps, if this vigorous language had been tempered by a little more amenity, it would have conveyed a happier notion of English culture.

War, whatever else it does, opens John Bull's eyes to a wider vision, and brings his traditional notion of foreign races to the test of actuality.

We have seen that it was the English tradition to laugh at Germany. George Canning made fun of the Law-Professor at Göttingen, and Walter Scott of the "Illustrissimus." Palmerston called Germany "that country of d——d professors," and Matthew Arnold satirized the German tendency to "take its Dogberrys seriously," and to abase itself before Junkerism, Militarism, and officialism. To-day, no one laughs at

Germany. Some of our spiritual guides direct us to hate her. Others—a few—plead that we should love her. But we all recognize the fact that she is a formidable foe—that her philosophers, of whom we made fun, were dangerous conspirators against faith and freedom ; that her Dogberrys are experts in organization, and that Junkerism is drenching the world in blood. No more jokes about the "Illustrissimus" and his supper of collops, or Matilda Pottingen and the water-gruel ; but a grave and resolute hostility—

> "Hast thou so rare a poison? Let me be
> Swifter to slay thee, lest thou poison me."

Vive la France ! With this sentiment in my heart, as on my lips, I must be careful when I attempt to handle the national temperament of the French people. The French and we have been age-long neighbours, and, like other neighbours, we have had our quarrels ; but to-day we do not attempt to distribute retrospective praise and blame.

We have buried all memories of Agincourt and Waterloo ; of "Pitt's guineas" on one side and the "French Colonels" on the other

To-day the Frenchman is our brother and comrade-in-arms, and he is always a citizen of the country where civilization has most widely spread and most deeply penetrated. Hear Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who spent his life in France: "The French peasantry are full of intelligence; their manners are excellent, they have delicate perceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement." And hear that delightful Englishman who first taught his countrymen what "Culture" really meant. "With a French peasant the most cultivated man may find himself in sympathy, may feel that he is talking to an equal. France is the country where the people, as distinguished from the wealthy class, most lives what we call a humane life, the life of civilized man."

But even John Bull, in spite of some inherited prejudices, has long recognized the charms of France: Russia is the country which he has only just discovered. The miserable memories of the Crimea, when England fought Russia on behalf of the one great anti-human power, had blinded and bewildered him until the other day. To the ordinary Englishman the name of Russia conveyed nothing but

despotism and superstition. To-day John Bull is beginning to perceive, with a quaint surprise, the magnificent qualities of the race which he had learned from Palmerston to despise, and from Beaconsfield to fear. Mr. Stephen Graham has been our excellent guide in this great discovery, and the "Russian Society" is the product of his enthusiasm. It is difficult for English Liberalism to admire autocracy, and we cling to the hope that the East may yet learn from the West the art of self-government. But religion in itself is a form of freedom; and, if there is a portion of the globe where religion enters intimately into the daily life and habitual thought of the people, that portion is the Russian Empire.

The "Pride of Spain" is an international proverb, and she does not forget to-day that she was once "The Lady of Kingdoms." Even John Bull has always admitted that the Armada was a fine attempt, though we beat it by a finer; and a quite recent traveller has recorded the remarkable observation that "there is not a snob or a bounder in Spain. Rich there are and poor there are, but all are gentlemen."

I turn, however, with more of personal

affection to Italy, whose struggle towards light and freedom was the inspiration of Young England forty or fifty years ago—a country where every one is a patriot, and every one a politician; and every one a soldier, if occasion calls, for the cause of liberty. Is not the occasion calling now? Have the countrymen of Cavour and Garibaldi and Mazzini forgotten Austria's handiwork at Mantua and Milan?

And so we work round to Greece, which alone disputes with Italy the right to be called the most romantic country of the Western world. Greece gave us the philosophy which has guided all subsequent thinking; Greece fixed the forms of beauty for all time; Greece has maintained her faith inviolate through ages of brutal persecution; and, if to-day we wish to keep the flame of freedom burning clear and bright, we may profitably hearken to Greece's greatest orator—

"If we could put Demosthenes in possession of our present case, and ask him—What shall we do? he would undoubtedly answer—First let me know what you desire. He who knows what he wants may possibly fail. He who does not, cannot succeed. Is it your wish to

beat your enemy utterly? I was what you call a civilian. But I know that the one principle common to all great transactions is simply to throw all your strength upon the one object which you wish to carry: for which end, you must first know what that object is; for which end, again, you must be in earnest. If you are not that, I could not aid you except by rousing you. If you are, you would do without me." *

* Henry Lushington.

CHAPTER XXV

WAR AND LANGUAGE

In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

WE are fighting for great things. Faith, freedom, and national existence are at stake, and to maintain these is our supreme concern. But there are some things, less indeed than the greatest yet still great, which claim a share of our attention, and among these is the purity of English speech.

For my own part, I have always insisted that the English language contains a word for everything, and have striven to keep my style free from foreign impertinences.

> "For though to smatter ends of Greek
> Or Latin be the retoric
> Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
> To smatter French is meritorious."
>
> S. BUTLER, "Satire upon our Ridiculous Imitation of the French."

That doctrine has held its own from the days of Hudibras even until now, but I denounce it as a heresy, and will talk English as long as I can. Away with "Ménage" and "Menu" and "Cortège" and "Serviette" and "Chef d'œuvre" and "Impasse." Let us choose our dinner from the Bill of Fare, and wipe our lips on a Napkin. Let us admire our friend's Masterpiece, and say that the Government is in a Tight Place. Let us leave French to those whose native tongue it is, and converse with one another in our own inimitable language.

One of the lesser evils of war is that it tends to distort our speech into a semi-technical jargon, and to reiterate phrases which once were picturesque and effective, till they become as irritating as the recurrent melodies of a hurdy-gurdy. For an instance of what I mean, I could not make a better start than "the Baptism of Fire." On August 2, 1870, Napoleon III. telegraphed from Saarbrück to the Empress Eugénie: "Louis has just received his baptism of fire." The emperor had a fondness for phrases, and this phrase stuck. For the last forty-five years, whenever a regiment or an individual soldier has been in action for the

first time, the "baptism of fire" has been roused from its well-earned repose; and during the last six months it has been on very active service.

What "baptism of fire" says in several syllables, "Hell" says in one, and the number of our fellow-creatures who have lately been in Hell, but have emerged from it, would astonish St. Augustine, and might even cause Calvin to reconsider his theology. But, after all, "Hell" is an uncultured word, and, though it may be good enough for the private soldier, an officer must have his "Inferno." If the agony must be piled up, we prefix to "Inferno" that curious word "veritable," which no one ever uses except on paper; or, by a rapid transition from the imagery of heat to that of cold, we say that our hero has passed through "a blizzard of bullets." The last generation was satisfied with "hail," but "blizzard" goes one better.

Even more impressive is "Armageddon," and great has been the research into the Family Bible and Cruden's Concordance, in order to discover what exactly is signified by that mysterious combination of syllables. The prosaic Dr. Smith, who edited dictionaries

about everything under the sun, tamely translates it as "the hill, or city, of Megiddo," and says that "the locality implied in the term is the great battlefield of the Old Testament"—only this, and nothing more. But my friend Mr. W. L. Courtney takes the phrase more mystically, and suggests some relation to time as well as to space, by writing about "Armageddon and Afterwards."

Another word which was very severely worked during the early stages of the war is "dramatic," and it was specially handy for the visionary progress of the Russian troops through England, and the exploits of the Gurkhas in the trenches. "Historic" was used till it actually sank under the burden laid upon it, and has disappeared into at least temporary seclusion. To "decimate" is to destroy one in ten, but we write as though decimation meant something like annihilation. "Happenings" are more properly called events, and the Primate of All England showed himself a past-master of journalese when he wrote about the "vast and fateful happenings of the present war."

"The Sword" can never be discarded. As

the symbol of victorious might it has the sanction of the highest literature, from the Bible downwards; and, even though science should develope artillery until we can hit an enemy in another hemisphere, men will talk of "the sword" until all swords are beaten into ploughshares. But "the hilt" belongs to a different set of ideas. To plunge your sword literally "up to the hilt" in your opponent's body was to our forefathers quite an ordinary form of self-assertion; and to prove a statement "up to the hilt" is perhaps a legitimate, and certainly a well-established, figure of speech. But, when I read that our charges against the Germans are "justified up to the hilt," I feel as Macaulay felt about Montgomery's line:

"One great enchanter helm'd the harmonious whole."

Macaulay wondered what an enchanter had to do with helming or helming with harmony; and I wonder what hilts have to do with justification.

Then, again, we must be on our guard against terms of art, which, when once one picks them up, stick like burrs. "Entrain"

and "detrain" are an odious pair of military twins, and "transhipped" is a monster of the deep. "Objective," as a metaphysical adjective, is useful in philosophy, but, as a military substantive, it is three letters too long. The South African War made us familiar with the picture of General Nogo "in touch," or "in close touch," with Sir David Dugout, and "joining hands" with Field-Marshal Lord Lumpington; and it taught us to say that a commander sent home in disgrace was "Stellenboschd." The present war, I think, has given us the "unit" which at least is English; and "dégommé" which is French for "displaced"; and "emplaced" which is neither French nor English, and "embuss" which, whether spell it with one s or two, belongs to no recognized language. How are we to justify "terrain" and "littoral"? How are we to surmount the "salient"? How greet the "re-entrant"?

To "assume the initiative" has long been a gem of diplomatic jargon; but in war we "assume the offensive," or, worse still, content ourselves with "a defensive rôle." Of all the alien enemies which have crept, in the disguise of culture, into our English speech, "rôle" is

perhaps the most impertinent. To play one's "part" was good enough for Shakespeare—why should his countrymen "assume a rôle"? In my humble judgment, "personal" is quite as good a word as "personnel," "material" as "matériel," and "morality" as "morale." We look forward to the end of the war, and predict that it will be followed by a "débâcle"; but when ice breaks up there is a flood. The Press Bureau passes a fragment of quite useless information, and we placard it as a "Communiqué." Why not a "Report" if it is long, or a "Note" if it is short? The French announce a victory; the Germans deny it; and we proclaim the German denial as "an official démenti." Why, when we have a good old English monosyllable ready to our hand? "Démenti," says my French dictionary, "s.m. Lie." What more do we want?

When last England was fighting for her life she had one of her greatest poets to encourage her, and this is what he said—

> "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held."

Our faith and our morals are, I hope, quite secure; but, if the war lasts much longer, "the tongue that Shakespeare spake" will have been distorted out of all recognition.

CHAPTER XXVI

JOHN BULL AND JEREMIAH

He has to appear, Cassandra-like, as a prophet of evil, dashing to the ground the false hopes with which the people are buoying themselves up.

DR. SMITH'S *Dictionary of the Bible.*

AT first sight, John Bull and Jeremiah would seem to have little in common; but only at first sight. The temperament of Jeremiah is indicated in the words which head this chapter; and, all unwittingly, he gave his name to a peculiarly depressing kind of prophecy, in which John Bull has always been prone to indulge.

One cannot begin each fresh topic at the Deluge. It must, therefore, suffice if the first "Jeremiads" which I recall to-day were those which attended the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. Then John Bull out-prophesied his Hebrew prototype. We were to be enslaved by the Pope; we were to be enslaved

by Bonaparte. We should be forced to eat frogs and wear wooden shoes. Ireland would erect herself into a Republic. The Inquisition would be set up in London. No Protestant would be secure in the enjoyment of his liberty, or even his life.

Scarcely less lamentable were the Jeremiads which greeted the Reform Bill of 1832. To us it seems a mild enough measure, conferring the franchise on the Middle Class, and giving Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham the seats in Parliament heretofore enjoyed by Old Sarum, which is occupied only by sheep, and Gatton, which is a gentleman's park. But Jeremiah announced far and wide that the Bill was the French Revolution in an English dress; that the guillotine was not far off; that all property would be confiscated, all religion proscribed, and the Throne at no distant date overturned.

But five years later Queen Victoria ascended that Throne amid universal jubilation. For a brief season Jeremiads were drowned in acclamation; but the prophets of evil cannot long be silent, and soon their dismal voices were heard again. The young Queen's health

was frail; her life was precarious; she was an only child; and her family would end in her. She was too young to understand her business; she would be subservient to her mother, to King Leopold, to Lord Melbourne, to the Ladies of the Household. The nation would require a stronger sovereign, or else would dispense with sovereigns altogether. These Jeremiads look to-day supremely foolish. The Queen's girlishness and inexperience regained for her, at one stroke, all the popularity which the Crown had lost. Her character proved self-reliant in a high degree, and, instead of being the last of her family, she multiplied beyond all precedent the possible successors to the Throne.

Loud were the Jeremiads which attended the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1846 people were assured that Free Trade would be the ruin of English agriculture. The landed gentry would be forced to sell their estates, and the farmers would be driven into the workhouse. As to the labourers, since there would be no one left to employ them, they would obviously have to be supported out of the rates. And all this was predicted, no doubt, in perfectly good faith,

just as the Golden Age of national prosperity was dawning.

The terrors which attended the first Reform Bill have been renewed whenever any attempt has been made to extend the suffrage. After 1832 people soon settled down, and found that the Ten-Pound Householder was not a very rabid revolutionary after all. But there were gathering clouds on the political horizon, and before long it seemed certain that the artisans would claim the vote. Jeremiads filled the air, and from among them one eloquent voice deserves to be recalled. "Uncoerced by any external force, not borne down by any internal calamity, but in the full plethora of our wealth and the surfeit of our too exuberant prosperity, we are about to pluck down on our own heads the venerable temple of our liberty and our glory. History may tell of other acts as signally disastrous, but of none more wanton, none more disgraceful." So said Robert Lowe in 1866, and the "act" in question was the establishment of the franchise under which we lived and flourished from 1867 to 1885.

When once we had conceded the suffrage to the worker in the towns, we could not long

withhold it from his brother who worked in the field. Yet the bare notion of making the labourer a citizen aroused an almost frenzied fear. A Tory M.P. declared that the labourers were no better fitted to exercise the franchise than the beasts they tended; and the same sentiment, though less grossly expressed, was freely uttered by such Jeremiahs as Lord Goschen and Lord Sherbrooke. Does the Constitution to-day contain a more solid or more stable element than the vote of the agricultural labourer?

The introduction of the ballot into Parliamentary elections was a favourite theme with the Jeremiahs of 1832-1872. Here, they said, was an infernal device which would sap our national independence, destroy the sense of political responsibility, and convert the whole people into rogues and liars. Every voter would promise to vote for each candidate, and, having voted, would lie till he was black in the face about the vote which he had given. An extended suffrage, exercised through secret voting, was the beginning of the end, and the great Lord Shaftesbury announced, pontifically, that the ballot meant a republic. We have had

the ballot for 43 years, and English republicanism has melted into thin air.

Those whose memories go back to 1869 will recall the Jeremiads which were evoked by Irish Disestablishment. The most comical sort of Jeremiad—the mock-heroic—came, as usual, from Ulster. At a meeting held at Tannamore Hill, in the county of Tyrone, a Deputy Grand Master of the Orangemen said: "We are ready, at the beat of the drum, to go out and take our Minié rifles, and march to the Boyne, as our fathers did before." A local squire made the heroic promise: "If the Bill is passed, we will give the Union an Irish wake and a Protestant burial." Nor were the clergy less truculent than the laity. One Presbyterian minister announced that, if the Government persisted in the policy of Disestablishment, "we will have another Derry and another Boyne"; and a second, referring to the recent execution of a Fenian for his part in the fatal explosion of Clerkenwell, thus turned his Scriptural knowledge to account:—"If Barrett was executed for blowing up a prison, the time may not be far distant when, for attempting to blow up

our Protestant constitution, Gladstone and his co-conspirators may be hanging as high as Haman." And, lest the clergy of the Church so soon to be disestablished should seem to lag behind their Presbyterian brethren, a clerical orator at Newry threatened reprisals in these glowing words:—"We know where to find the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Armagh, and we feel that our 200,000 stout arms will be able to hold it. We say to the pastors of every Protestant church that, before they give it up to any apostate system, a barrel of gunpowder and a box of matches would send it to the winds of heaven." The most impressive Jeremiad was that which was uttered in the House of Lords by the great Lord Derby when he hurled the curse of Meg Merrilies at the authors of the Irish Church Bill. It was a splendid malediction; but no one seemed the worse for it; and to-day not even an Irish bishop would propose to re-establish and re-endow the Church of the Protestant minority.

The Banshees had scarcely done howling over the Irish Church, when a chorus of half-pay colonels and amateur soldiers burst out against

the abolition of purchase in the Army. If these military Jeremiahs were to be believed, the fact that a rich man would no longer be able to buy a commission, but must pass to his command by examination and promotion, would bring old England to the ground in twelve months. Spectacled students would take the place of our fox-hunting and pig-sticking subalterns, and the British Army would be destroyed by its own officers. But Gladstone was Prime Minister, Cardwell was at the War Office, and Jeremiah had no chance. In those days there was a Radical Party in the House, and if the Government had postponed this reform, there were men at their back who would have recalled them to their duty. Let every one who admires the British Army as it is constituted and officered at the present moment remember that it was Sir George Trevelyan who, when a private member, delivered the first assault on payment for commissions. "Honour to whom honour."

But to conclude. Is Jeremiah abroad to-day? If so, let us remember the fate which has befallen his former lamentations, and turn a deaf ear to all prophecies of evil.

CHAPTER XXVII

ECONOMY

Query was made—What did Jehovah do
Before the world its first foundations knew?
The answer was—He made a hell for such
As were too curious, and would know too much.

HANNAH MORE.

THERE can be nothing irreverent in an epigram which Hannah More addressed to William Wilberforce, and it has an obvious relevance to the subject of this chapter.

I use the word "Economy" neither in its strict significance of house-management, nor in its popular significance of stinginess. I use it, at any rate to-day, as meaning a partial suppression of the truth, justifying myself by this extract from a treatise on Terminology. "There is a use of the term in patristical divinity, where a thing said or done bears one meaning to the sense, while a further meaning is contained in it, as the flower in the germ. It is closely

allied to the 'Disciplina Arcani,' whereby so much of the entire truth is communicated as the recipient is able to assimilate. . . . Much is reserved, by way of Economy, which, as the intellect expands, will also be communicated, but for the present must be kept back." In this sense, Economy is an instrument of self-defence which every one uses in answering children's questions, and the exigencies of war or statecraft often cause it to be applied to children of a larger growth. We all have suffered, or profited, by it during the last six months.

The subject is just now "too hot for handling," except in a very loose and general fashion; but instances of what I mean will occur to every one who has watched the working of our political system. The constitutional doctrine of Ministerial responsibility protects the personality of the Sovereign; yet there have been a good many cases in which even a strong Minister would have shaped his course differently if the Sovereign had taken a different line. The late Lord Kimberley was a man of very decided character, who had spent the best part of his life in Queen Victoria's service, and

he was accustomed to say: "The Queen never over-ruled me but once, and then the event proved that she was right and I was wrong."

But a Minister has to reckon, not only with the Sovereign, but also with his colleagues. Is this a point important enough to justify one in breaking up a Cabinet? That is a question which must have presented itself more than once to every minister who is not a mere place-man; and the various answers to it make the turning-points of political history. It presented itself, in a form which demanded a categorical reply, to Mr. Asquith's colleagues in August, 1914. Mr. Gladstone once told me that, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's Government, all his attempts at political and economical reform were steadily opposed in the Cabinet, not only by Palmerston but also by his colleague Charles Villiers; and yet he had to endure the popular reproach that it was he who, being still unemancipated from his Tory traditions, was frustrating the efforts of the Radical member for Wolverhampton. "That," he said, "was hard for flesh and blood to bear." When he became Prime Minister, he swept

Villiers out of the way ; but still his course was not free from difficulties. For instance, we now know that the Education Act of 1870 was not the measure which he desired ; but he accepted it at the hands of his colleagues, and had to bear the brunt of its twofold unpopularity—on the one hand with Churchmen, on the other with Nonconformists.

A Minister must not only consider his Sovereign and his colleagues ; he must also consider his agents. I have heard it stated, though I know not on what authority, that Colonel Phayre's action at a certain stage of the Baroda case, although it incurred official disapproval, so impressed Lord Northbrook that he felt he could not leave India without asking one of the Law Officers to write what he could not write himself—that Colonel Phayre's conduct in the matter of Baroda had been that of a Christian gentleman. As Premier, Gladstone deserved a full share of the reproaches justly showered on our Egyptian policy between 1882 and 1885, but his defence was hampered by the moral impossibility of disclosing what he knew about the personal aberrations which were baffling the War Office at every turn ; and Lord Morley,

in writing the history of the time, has been handicapped by a similar disability.

There are instances of Economy, or necessary reserve, and the same principle comes more actively into play when questions are asked which it would be unwise, in the interests of the State, to answer. Of this particular economy the leading instance was supplied by Lord Salisbury in 1878. The Congress of Berlin, which was to settle the Eastern Question, was approaching, and Lord Salisbury, then Foreign Secretary, was asked in the House of Lords if there was a secret agreement between himself and Count Schouvaloff arranging beforehand the questions which were to be brought before the Congress. Lord Salisbury described the rumour as unauthentic and unworthy of serious attention. The Congress met on the 13th of June, and on the 14th the *Globe* published the full text of the agreement, signed by Salisbury and Schouvaloff on the 30th of May. A copying clerk in the Foreign Office had revealed the secret; the Liberals laughed; and some eminent persons were made to look foolish. Liberal criticism of the Foreign Secretary took a very acrid tone, and Dr. Liddon, though he

was intensely hostile to the foreign policy of the Government, wrote thus to a critical friend—

"If you had known Lord Salisbury personally, and for a long term of years, you would have known that he is quite incapable of knowingly saying what is untrue or doing what is dishonourable. In judging public men, and their public acts, it is necessary to remember that much which interests them can never be known to their contemporaries.'

Probably Lord Salisbury would have justified his conduct on the principle of the Scottish adage: "Speir me nae questions, an' I'll tell ye nae lees." But obviously the danger in this particular form of economy is that the Minister may confuse what is only inconvenient to himself with what is publicly perilous; and may be tempted to fashion his reply on the model of the peccant schoolboy who, when asked if he had been smoking, replied: "Oh, sir!" with such an indignant intonation as to make the words sound like "No, sir!"

A politician who prided himself on his British downrightness of demeanour, and, indeed, affected that trait in excess, held an important office in the Government when Mr.

Justin McCarthy was both an M.P. and a leader-writer. One day the Minister passed McCarthy in the Lobby, and, without a word, thrust a paper into his hand. This paper was found to contain an extremely valuable piece of political news. McCarthy, like a good journalist as he was, rejoicingly worked it into a leader, and next day the paper which he served was the sole possessor of this "exclusive information," as the phrase is. The other papers were silent and sulky, and the Tories raged aloud. A question was promptly asked in the House. Had the Right Hon. Gentleman seen, etc. The Minister rose, and, with undertaker-like solemnity, said that he had, with extreme regret, observed the article in question. The information on which it was founded could only have been disclosed by a gross breach of official duty, and no effort would be lacking on his part to bring the offender to condign justice. What particular form of penance the Minister inflicted on himself always was to McCarthy a matter of interesting speculation.

This was, no doubt, a little more than Economy, or judicious reserve, or partial suppression of the truth. The statement that

the disclosure could only have been made by a breach of official duty was strictly true, but the suggestion that some one other than the Minister had committed the offence was as strictly false.

Keen are the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, and quite legitimate is the desire to know what our troops are doing, what our ships are contemplating, what our Generals are reporting. Equally legitimate is the resolution of the Government to tell us nothing of the slightest possible importance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

STORM AND UNDERLIGHT

The most solemn Christmas I have known for long ; I see that eastward sky of storm and of underlight.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE words which head this chapter are taken from Mr. Gladstone's diary when, at the close of 1876, he surveyed the premonitory signs of the great conflict between Russia and Turkey. The events of the last fortnight* have given the words a fresh significance. The mere statement, in the driest and most official form, that English men-of-war have bombarded the forts of the Dardanelles, must have turned the thoughts of all men to that "eastward sky." All can feel the violence of the "storm," but the beauty of the "underlight" can scarcely be appreciated except by those who remember the Eastern Question of 1876-7-8.

* February 24, 1915.

In 1875 an insurrection had broken out in Bulgaria, and the Turkish Government had dispatched a large force to suppress it. This was soon done, and suppression was followed by a hideous orgy of massacre and outrage. A rumour of these horrors reached England, and public indignation spontaneously awoke. That staunch old friend of Freedom, Lord Russell, then in his eighty-fourth year, was the first to declare himself on the side of the oppressed. In 1874 he had said, "I cannot stand the Turk any longer. . . . From Adrianople to Belgrade all Government should be in the hands of Christians. I tried myself, with Palmerston's aid and sanction, to improve the Turks. They are unimprovable, and I give them up, but for the benefit of Europe and not for the monopoly of Russia." In 1875, his declaration in favour of the insurgents of Bosnia and Herzegovina elicited this fine eulogy from Garibaldi—

"En associant votre grand nom aux bienfaiteurs des Chrétiens opprimés par le Gouvernement Turc, vous avez ajouté un bien précieux bijou à la couronne humanitaire qui ceint votre noble front."

This was the universal language of generous souls; but Disraeli, then Prime Minister, sneered at the rumours of massacre as "coffee-house babble," and made odious jokes about Oriental methods of dealing with malefactors. Christian England was not to be pacified by these Asiatic pleasantries, and in the autumn of 1876 the country rose in passionate indignation against what were known as "the Bulgarian Atrocities."

For the moment the agitation transcended all bounds of party, and men who had never before stood on the same platform forgot all previous differences in their common zeal for the cause of outraged humanity. Dr. Liddon, preaching under the dome of St. Paul's, departed from his habitual practice of avoiding all reference to secular controversies, and spoke straight to his hearers' hearts:

"That which makes the voice falter as we say it, is that, through whatever misunderstanding, the Turkish Government has turned for sympathy, for encouragement, not to any of the historical homes of despotism and oppression, not to any other European powers, but, alas! to England—to free, humane,

Christian England. The Turk has, not altogether without reason, believed himself, amid those scenes of cruelty, to be leaning on our country's arm, and to be sure of her smile, or, at least, her acquiescence."

Throughout the controversy, we declined to treat the issue before the country as a question between Christianity and Mahomedanism, between truth and error. We urged it simply as a question of Right or Wrong—Justice or Injustice. We only demanded such action as should secure equal rights to every subject of the Porte, whether Mussulman or Christian; and should deprive the Turk of the power to injure his Christian fellow-subjects by continual persecution.

At first the protest against the horrors of Bulgaria was national, and, had it remained so, it must have been irresistible. But, unhappily, before many months were over, the evil spirit of Party began to make itself felt. The cause of the oppressed found an advocate of unequalled force and fervour in Mr. Gladstone; and, though he had formally renounced the Liberal leadership, the bare fact that he championed the Christian cause seemed to drive

his political opponents, by an instinct of resistance, to the Turkish side. Early in 1877 Russia threw in her lot with the lesser nationalities then fighting for freedom, and declared war on Turkey. Very soon it became apparent that Lord Beaconsfield, with his whole party behind him, was bent on committing England to the active support of the Sultan.

Then it was that Gladstone, by his superhuman efforts and contagious enthusiasm, rallied the Liberal party to the anti-Turkish side, and saved England from the indelible disgrace of a second and gratuitous Crimea. The war lasted just a year. The Treaty of San Stefano embodied the triumph of the Christian arms; but the Congress of Berlin handed back to Turkish dominion more than a million of Christians who had won their freedom by their valour. Parliament, aristocracy, society, populace, and even, as a general rule, Church, were united in support of this wrong-doing. The pro-Turkish virulence of Tory orators, Tory journalists, and Tory mobs—sometimes Tory preachers—equalled, if it did not exceed, the South African fever of more recent times. It was noteworthy that all the morally-worst

elements in society and in the populace were enthusiastic for the Turk.

The years rolled on, full, for Englishmen, of domestic and foreign perplexities, and full, for the Sultan's Christian subjects, of unredressed grievances and unredeemed promises. In all those years the leopard did not change his spots, nor the great anti-social power its characteristic vices. Just twenty years after the Bulgarian atrocities an exactly similar outbreak of ferocity occurred in Armenia, and culminated in the massacre at Ourfa on December 29, 1895, which is best described in the words of Vice-Consul Fitzmaurice, when making his official report to Lord Salisbury.

"On Saturday night crowds of Armenian men, women, and children took refuge in their fine Cathedral, capable of holding some eight thousand persons, and the Priest administered the Sacrament—the last Sacrament, as it proved to be—to eighteen hundred souls, recording the figure on one of the pillars of the church. These remained in the Cathedral overnight, and were joined on Sunday by several hundreds more, who sought the protection of a building which they considered safe from the mob-violence of the Mussulman, even in his

fanaticism. It is computed that at least three thousand individuals were congregated in the edifice when the mob attacked it. They at first fired in through the windows, then smashed in the iron door, and proceeded to massacre all those, mostly men, who were on the ground floor. Having thus disposed of the men, and *having removed some of the younger women*, they rifled the church treasury, shrines, and ornaments, destroying the pictures and relics, and mockingly calling on Christ now to prove Himself a greater prophet than Mahomet.

"A huge, partly stone, partly wooden, gallery, running round the upper portion of the Cathedral, was packed with a shrieking and terrified mass of women, children, and some men. Some of the mob, jumping on the raised alar-platform, began picking off the men with revolver-shots, but, as this process seemed too tedious, they bethought themselves of a more expeditious method. Having collected a quantity of bedding and the church matting, they poured some thirty cans of kerosene on it, as also on the dead bodies lying about, and then set fire to the whole. The gallery beams and the wooden framework soon caught fire, whereupon, blocking up the staircase leading to the gallery with similar inflammable materials, they left the mass of struggling human beings to become the prey of the flames.

"During several hours, the sickening odour of roasted flesh pervaded the town, and even to-day, two months and a half after the massacre, the smell of putrescent and charred remains in the church is unbearable." (Turkey; No. 5, 1,396, p. 12.)

The mealy-mouthed remonstrances of our insincere diplomacy produced no restraining effect on the Turk, and probably were meant to produce none. Gladstone was now in his eighty-sixth year, and had said a final good-bye to domestic politics; but the old passion for freedom and humanity blazed up in him again, and he assailed the Turkish tyranny with all the fervour of his prime:

"I see in mind that wretched Sultan, whom God has given as a curse to mankind, waving his flag in triumph, and the adversaries at his feet are Russia, France, and England. May God in His Mercy send a speedy end to the [governing] Turk and all his doings. As I said when I could say, and even sometimes *do*, so I say in my political decrepitude or death."

May God in His mercy send a speedy end to the governing Turk. I reiterate the words, and say Amen with all my heart. Gladstone died

without seeing the fulfilment of his prayers. Two years ago the end seemed to be drawing near, but it was once more postponed. To-day we see again "that eastward sky of storm and of underlight." Nay, of something more than underlight—something which before long shall

"Flame in the forehead of the morning sky."

A lady, who remembers the earlier stages of this great conflict, wrote to me not long ago: "Is it the beginning of the end, do you think? Anyhow, if we could only hope to see the Cross raised once more on high over the great dome of St. Sophia, that would be worth living for; and I would travel out there in my oldest old age to behold it and salute it."

CHAPTER XXIX

COSMOPHILUS

The particular Evil Spirit who has it in charge to corrupt and, in the end, destroy the Church of England, is Cosmophilus, the Compromise Spirit. He writes all the leaders in the *Guardian* and has done so many years. He also writes a good deal in the *Times*.

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

THESE are not the words of a political Dissenter, but of an ecclesiastical dignitary, and the highest of High Churchmen. I quote them to-day because they help to answer a question which has just been addressed to me by an unknown correspondent.

"S. J. C." remembers the Eastern Question of 1876–8; Gladstone's heroic efforts, and the deplorable part which the Church of England, as a whole, played in that great struggle for the right. The words "as a whole" are essential to the truth; for, though the Archbishops and Bishops either supported Lord Beaconsfield, or, at best, maintained a judicious

silence, the Church produced some staunch champions of the right. Some of them remain unto this present, such as Edward Talbot and Charles Gore, and Henry Scott Holland. Some are fallen asleep, such as Dr. Liddon, who then for the first time spoke from a political platform, and Arthur Stanton, who, like Lacordaire, "knew no Liberalism except that which he had sucked in from the breasts of the Gospel." But Churchmen, as a body, were on the wrong side, and this not for the first or the last time. "S. J. C." asks "if there is anything in the Church atmosphere, and what it is, that tends to wither nearly every Liberal aspiration." I reply that there is, and that its name is "Establishment."

That ill-starred union between the Church and the State, which does so little to Christianize the State, and so much to secularize the Church, is, by its very nature, hostile to freedom and servile to authority. And so it comes about that the "Ecclesia Anglicana," as represented by her rulers, her Press, and her deliberative bodies, is powerless to guide the national conscience. We know, before she speaks, the sort of counsel that she will give;

for have not her chief wire-pullers long ago "taken permanent tickets on the line of least resistance"? When a fresh issue arises in public affairs, the first question which suggests itself to an established hierarchy seems to be, not "Is this right or wrong?" but "How will this affect Establishment?"

Nothing in Mr. Gladstone's career was more noteworthy than the changed attitude towards Nonconformity and Nonconformists. This change was due in part to the necessities of his political position, but due much more to his growing conviction that Nonconformity means a robust and consistent application of the principles of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life. On those supreme occasions when the path of politics crosses the path of morality the Nonconformist bodies have, as a rule, pronounced for justice and mercy, while our authorized teachers of religion have held their peace, or have spoken on the wrong side. But, just as I refused to brand the whole Church of England as having taken the wrong side on the Eastern Question, so I must refuse to admit that all Nonconformity took the right side about the South African

war. Indeed, I recall some dissenting fire-eaters whom no Army chaplain, with his eye fixed on promotion, could have out-jingoed. Let us assume that they were as exceptional as the anti-Turkish clergymen of 1876–8, and then my general position is unaffected.

I have spoken of the attitude of the Church towards two great wars. To-day the case is changed. The Church was not required to guide the national conscience about the war in which we are now engaged, for, after the violation of Belgium, the national conscience was in no perplexity. The nation decided the question for itself, with as near an approach to unanimity as is possible where forty-five millions of people are concerned. We believe that the war is a pure and righteous war, for truth and faith and freedom. The Church, speaking by its hierarchy, expresses the same belief, and is on the same side as the nation, of which, in one aspect, it is a part. Church and Chapel are at one.

So far, all is well; but, in some minor matters arising out of the war, it must be confessed that the Church has not spoken with the decisive voice which those who believe most profoundly in her mission would have

wished to hear. At the beginning of the war we received from the Privy Council some forms of special devotion; and the very fact that they emanated from such a source was a painful reminder of the fetters which bind us to the State. Then, a little later, the two Archbishops took their courage in both hands, and issued some devotions of their own composing; but these forms gave feeble utterance to that emotion of the bereaved heart which desires above all things to follow the objects of its love into the unseen world.

"The strong and just reaction from the Purgatorial system . . . went far to account for, and even excuse, that stark and rigid conception of the effect of death on the state of the human being, which led to an abandonment of the uniform practice of the earliest ages of the Church, as testified by the Liturgies, in the commendation of the faithful departed to God, for an increase of their rest and peace. But what caused, nay even what might excuse, the violence thus done to nature, as well as to religion, did not frustrate its mischievous effects in narrowing the range of Christian sympathies, and establishing an anomaly in the general doctrine of Prayer." *

* W. E. Gladstone, *Gleanings*, Vol. III.

As with devotion, so with discipline. On August 10, 1914, the Bishop of London proclaimed from the pulpit that the faithful were on no account to have more than two courses at any meal till the war was over. It sounded like a solemn injunction, and some people obeyed it; but, when we saw that the Bishop had dined at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, we were driven to believe that it had only been a rhetorical flourish. Now, in February, 1915, the Bishop, having regard to the price of fish and the prevalence of influenza, dispenses his diocese from Lenten abstinence; while his brother, the Bishop of Oxford, declines to dispense any one from anything, but leaves each man to his own devices. I do not presume to say which is the wiser course.

Then, again, with regard to chaplains for the Army and Navy. Here, if anywhere, one would have thought that the virtue of Establishment would have been manifested, and that the authorities of the Church, being in intimate alliance with the powers of this world, would have secured a prompt and sufficient supply of men specially qualified for this peculiarly important ministry. Have they

done so? If we read the correspondence in the Church papers we must hesitate over our reply.

Yet once more. Some moral evils directly arising out of the war are rampant, especially at the East End of London. Are the heads of the Church bringing all the pressure they can command to bear on War Office and Police, and Local Authorities and Relief Committees? Or are they, as in the matter of Chinese Labour and Concentration Camps in South Africa, again "acquiescing in a regrettable necessity"?

CHAPTER XXX

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Edward III.'s accession, taking place not after the death but the deposition of his father, was marked by a solemn election. In a General Assembly contained in the Abbey, January 20, 1327, Archbishop Reynolds preached on the dubious text "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" The Prince would not accept the election till it had been confirmed by his father, and then within ten days he was crowned.—A. P. STANLEY.

THE intrusion of a foreign language into English writing is always offensive. If the reader cannot construe it, he is annoyed by his own deficiency in scholarship. If he can, he asks indignantly why the sense could not have been expressed in English. If the writer, conscious of wrongdoing, tries to propitiate by translating his quotation, he offends both the unlearned reader, who suspects a condescension, and the learned, who resents an insult. It is better, on all accounts, to leave one's English unadorned, or undefiled, by foreign adjuncts; and, therefore, I call this article "The Voice of

the People," though certainly the Latin adage from which the words are translated is so familiar as to be almost English.

Dean Stanley calls it a "dubious text"; but then we must remember that, though he was a delightful person and a fascinating writer, he was essentially a courtier. To his apprehensive ears "the voice of the People" had a discordant and even a threatening sound, and to make it synonymous with "the Voice of God" was a flight of impious daring. I appeal from the Dean to a higher authority—even to the Archbishop who chose this "dubious" text, and prefaced his sermon on it by saying that, though it was not actually Scripture, it resembled Scripture. "*Sicut Scriptura*" was his phrase. The People, if they heard of the sermon, were no doubt flattered; and so probably was the King whom they had elected; but the deposed King probably thought the Archbishop a time-server.

That the Voice of the People is in some sense the Voice of God is, I believe, a truth; but it is a truth which requires all sorts of qualifications and reserves before it can be made the base of action. For example, some

thoroughgoing believers in the Voice accept its verdicts as final even in literature. They point to the endless editions of Tennyson and Dickens and Macaulay, and say with conviction: "Those books must be good, because the People buy them." But do they? Is not the middle class the class that buys our standard authors? Booksellers could answer this question, and our Public Librarians could throw some light on it. And it is to be borne in mind that the same public which buys Tennyson and Dickens and Macaulay buys also Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

But, if it were possible to prove that any particular author had a strong and enduring hold on the affections of the people, I should expect to find that his work had in it some element of real greatness and elevation. For it is in the sphere of Ethics that the Voice is most to be trusted. It is a commonplace of oratorical experience that the more popular, the more democratic—I had almost said, the rougher—an audience is, the more quickly it will rise to a high moral appeal and respond with a generous emotion. "Depend upon it,"

said Gladstone, "it is in the masses of the People that the deepest fountains of true life reside."

Ethics and Politics are closely related. If a man takes his citizenship seriously, he will set his face like a flint against any political system which clashes with his notions of moral right, and conversely he will rejoice in any extension of political power to those who are ethically fit to exercise it. So, time out of mind, believers in the Voice have done all they could to widen the base of the political edifice, and to spread the rights of citizenship among "the masses of the People."

Certainly this confidence has been justified. Ever since 1867 England has been to a great extent a democracy, and to a greater since 1885. Yet the "People," though an overwhelming majority of the nation, have been almost culpably indifferent to their own interests, and laudably disinclined to avenge their past wrongs by attacks on existing institutions. Their public virtue has stood the strain of temptation; and, though the supreme power of the State has been in their hands, they have never dreamed of using it for tyranny. "Live and

let live" has been the motto of the English commonalty.

I now approach a more vulnerable point. Anti-democrats and disbelievers in the Voice will ask: "Do not the masses of the People love war, and is not war the worst of preventible evils?" I meet the question by saying that the "masses" of the People are no more favourable to war than the "classes." It is perfectly true that, as heathenish old Palmerston said, "Man is by nature a fighting and a quarrelling animal"; and the masses of the People have no exemption from human infirmity. Further, I believe that three-fourths of that popular ferocity which War has often evoked has been due, not to depravity, but to ignorance. At the time of the South African frenzy, Mr. Masterman, as true a friend of peace as any one, pleaded pathetically for a lenient judgment on the bellicose poor, among whom he then was living. How, he asked, could we expect a deliberate and solid judgment from the People, when every newspaper which the worker read was busy in misrepresenting the facts, confusing the issues, and kindling racial fury?

To-day the air is full of a very different

sound. The Voice, and the yet more expressive silence, of the People bear witness to the sacred claims of faith and freedom. The burden of war lies as heavily on the poor as on the rich, for neither poverty nor riches can mend a broken heart; and poverty has some added trials of its own. But the silence of resolute and patient courage is broken only by voices which express, though perhaps in rough speech, the true ethics of armed conflict for the right.

I try to look—though it is difficult—beyond our present troubles. If ever the time comes when men "shall not learn war any more," I believe that there will be sincerer rejoicing among the masses of the People than among those who have had the power to "fill the world with terror," and have used it for their financial or dynastic ends.

But it is in seasons of national tranquillity that danger to civil freedom arises, and I could wish that then the Voice made itself more plainly heard. Believers in the Voice have always stood, in the broadest sense, for Freedom. In more heroic days than ours, a Duke of Norfolk was dismissed from his Lord

Lieutenancy for publicly asserting "the Sovereignty of the People"; and that stout old Whig, Lord John Russell, told Queen Victoria that "all power held by Sovereigns may be forfeited by misconduct, and each nation is the judge of its own internal government." The peculiar dangers to Liberty which were then apprehended have passed away; but others have arisen, and, unless the Voice protests betimes, we shall soon find ourselves constrained to fight some old foes with new, and very unpleasing, faces. One of these is Militarism—the spirit which aims at passing the whole nation through a barrack-room, in order to efface the manly characteristics of independence and self-reliance, and to substitute for them the dog-like qualities of obedience and submission. Another, but an allied, peril is Bureaucracy. It should be the aim of every reasonable man to be governed as little as possible. The only limitation of his own freedom which he can accept is the condition that it should not infringe the freedom of his neighbour. But, if the Bureaucrats have their way there will be no freedom left. The whole face of the earth will soon be covered by Inspectors,

Commissioners, Rate-Collectors, and Detectives. We shall be forbidden to eat or drink, or work or play, or marry or give in marriage, without permission from authority. Militarism will make common cause with Bureaucracy; the Scientist will energize through the Policeman; and the liberties of England, which survived the Tudors and the Stuarts, and defeated Pitt and Wellington, will go down before the Boy Clerk and the Recruiting Sergeant.

From this distressing prospect I turn with hope to the idea which underlies our aphorism; and that is nothing more nor less than our old friend Democracy. From the American novel which bears that name (and which as a political study in the form of fiction has never been surpassed) I borrow my closing sentences:—

"There are matters about which I rarely talk in society; they are like the doctrine of a personal God; of a future life; of revealed religion; subjects which one naturally reserves for private reflection. But, since you ask for my political creed, you shall have it. I believe in Democracy. I accept it. I will faithfully serve and defend it. . . . I grant it is an experiment, but it is the only direction society can

take that is worth its taking ; the only conception of its duty large enough to satisfy its instincts ; the only result that is worth an effort or a risk. Let us be true to our time. If our age is to be beaten, let us die in the ranks. If it is to be victorious, let us be first to lead the column."

CHAPTER XXXI

WAR AND HUMOUR

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marle.—SYDNEY SMITH.

WHAT is Wit? What is Humour? Are they identical? Do they differ? If they differ, what is the definition of each? Time out of mind, much misplaced ingenuity has been expended in the vain attempt to answer these questions satisfactorily. For my own part, I believe that Wit is only a form of Humour; perhaps the highest, but still only a form. The essence of Humour is that sense of fun, that impulse towards laughter, which is Heaven's best antidote to—

> "the burden and the mystery
> Of all this unintelligible world."

When that sense of fun is expressed through

a medium of verbal perfection, then we call it Wit. But this form of Humour is obviously a product of culture, requiring a sense of the niceties of language both for its creation and for its enjoyment. Humour, however, when it does not aspire to be Wit, is quite independent of language. It feeds on what it sees and hears. It springs out of situations. It reads characters. It creates instinctive sympathy between those who possess it; and it as surely estranges those who have it not from those who have it and enjoy it.

The citation at the head of this chapter is taken from a writer who was both Humourist and Wit. "I thank God," he said, "who has made me poor, that He has made me merry." Every now and then that immeasurable fund of Humour which nature had lodged within him took shape in one of those swift sentences or bright images to which men ascribe the praise of Wit; but more often the Humour burst the narrow bounds of epigram, and rolled along in a tumultuous and rejoicing flood. In the sentence before us he assigns the post of honour to Wit; but Wit may be so pointed as to be painful, so sharp as to be

acrid; whereas Humour, undisciplined and unprompted, showers far and wide the "brightness" and the "laughter" which afflicted humanity so sorely needs.

If ever a nation trod "the burning marle," England has trodden it during the last six months, and we need all the assistance we can get to "charm," as Sydney Smith said, our "pained steps." Of such assistance as is supplied by religion, and poetry, and good fiction, and labour for those in trouble, plenty has been said during the course of the war. The noble patrons of the Turf and the Prize Ring may suggest other alleviations, and working-men, encouraged by these august examples, will continue to frequent the football field—and no one can blame them.

But great—nearly greatest of all—is the assistance supplied by Humour, if only it is the real and priceless thing—not the wretched counterfeit which St. Paul condemned as inconvenient jesting. In the early stages of the South African War I heard a judicial humourist say: "I regard all that we have done so far as mere cub-hunting. The real sport will begin later on." A judge who

thought this a seasonable pleasantry would probably cut jokes when he assumed the black cap, and chaff the prisoner whom he condemned to death. Quite as decently might a clergyman make fun of a funeral, or a surgeon give a burlesque account of an operation for cancer.

Then there is what Dickens inimitably described as "a spectral attempt at drollery," which a man sometimes forces himself to make even in the extremity of fear or shame. Thus, at the execution of the Cato-street conspirators in 1820, it was noted that "the most savage of the gang actually attempted to dance on the way to the scaffold; but they were all under the influence of extreme terror when they took their places under the gallows." This was, no doubt, an extreme and horrible instance; and in more ordinary circumstances one may say that, as long as a man merely laughs or tries to laugh at himself, the attempt, though painful, is inoffensive. So it was when Charles II. apologized for being such an unconscionable time in dying. So it was when Heine, dying in torture of a spinal complaint, read all the medical books which treated of

his complaint, and said: "They will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow." But, when the humour is directed against another's case, it is an intolerable outrage. So it was in Lord Beaconsfield's long struggle with death, when a compatriot, who called himself a friend, said: "Ah! overdoing it, as he always overdid everything." Certainly humour of this kind neither "charms" nor helps. Rather it disgusts and depresses. At the best it can only elicit that "laughter of the fool," which is "as the crackling of thorns under a pot."

Real Humour, the humour which cheers and lifts, is the irrepressible outburst of a divinely-implanted sense of fun, which will assert itself even in face of the gravest peril. In "Tom Brown's Schooldays," which to those who can read between the lines is more a book for men than for boys, Judge Hughes gave an apt illustration of what I mean. One of his characters says: "If I was going to be flogged next minute, I should be in a blue funk, but I could not help laughing at it for the life of me." Is not this exactly the spirit

in which our brothers at the front are confronting the awful realities of battle? It is precisely this which has so amazed and bewildered our opponents. Quite at the beginning of the war we saw the astonishment which the Germans expressed when they heard our troops singing "For goodness sake, don't send me," or "We're all bored stiff," or "When we get to Berlin, We'll punch the Kaiser's nose." Obviously, the words, as they stand, are undignified, even vulgar; but it shows, I think, an immense and admirable sincerity, that our soldiers with one accord declined the heroic or high-falutin ditties prescribed for them by literary authority; cheered themselves with the liveliest choruses which they could collect from the music-halls, and, when they wanted sentiment, found it in the pathetic lilt of "Tipperary." Well said Mr. Nevinson in a recent letter, "Germans and other foreigners who have no sense of our working people's ironic stoicism will find in this another evidence of national frivolity. But it is not frivolity; it is ironic stoicism—the determination to endure the worst with an ironic smile."

For those who stay at home to jest at war would indeed be an offence for which the offender might be lynched, and yet humour has played its part even in a national agony. Edie Ochiltree and Dominie Sampson and Nicol Jarvie helped to keep us alive during our struggle against Napoleon I. Mrs. Finching and Mr. Gradgrind relieved the horrors of the Crimea. Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross made Anglo-Indians forget, at any rate for a moment, the horrors through which they had just passed. The American Civil War was certainly one of the most heart-rending encounters in which a civilized State was ever involved, but James Russell Lowell showed, both in prose and verse, the value of humour in sustaining the spirit of a right cause, and, to quote his own words, "kept his head fairly clear of passion when his heart was at boiling point." To-day in England a similar service is rendered by the editor and writers of the one paper which has always been dedicated to National Humour. There certainly have been occasions when, under other leadership, that paper has played a part as Philistine as its name, but in these

last six months it has risen to the height of its vocation. "With wonderful dignity and insight, Mr. Punch has been interpreting week by week the convictions of the nation on the subject of the war. His stern denunciation of brutality, the honour he has paid to heroism and self-sacrifice, his satire on folly, his exhortation to patriotism, have all been worthy of the distinguished place which he occupies in the national life." These words were written by a parish priest at the East End of London, who has intimate knowledge of the "dim, common populations," and the influences which sway them for good and evil; and to what he writes I yield a most cordial assent. Humour is indeed a good gift of God, and even war is powerless to destroy it.

"Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that earth's good decays not with earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of Mirth?
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are, and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance on life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep." *

* James Rhoades.

"It is eminently unnatural to us, as a people, to adopt an attitude: to take up a tragic tone: to be over-conscious of playing a proper part. We have never done this: we can't do it, if we try. We must retain the English irony which, at once, kills any attempt at the 'pose.' We must chaff ourselves: see the fun of ourselves. We must let off the steam in chaff. We must keep ourselves down, by this, from 'high-falutin.' We should not be ourselves, if we ever lost this temper. We cannot be over-solemn: or go about with the air of mutes at a funeral. We are Shakespeare's fellows: and we will have our jest even on the Moor in the thunderstorm with the mad old King. We must see the joke of the sleepy Porter bothered at the knocking at the door, though it means murder. It is instinctive in us to accept the double aspects of human life: the play and counter-play of contrasting emotions, the ironic comedy of the real and the ideal, the humour at the heart of sorrow, the fun of the tragedy. We are lost, if we lose this touch. And the Londoner is its triumphant expert. All his jesting is ironic. He is Shakespearean to the core. He has never dropped his hold on the Cheapside of Prince Hal. So we must ease ourselves of the strain of war, or we shall break under it. We must take it out in laughter and tears at once. Do not let us attempt to overdo

it: or to set ourselves, in obedience to instructions, in the exalted mood that the theatrical occasion requires of us. We shall be the better understood, the more we keep our native tone: and behave just as our own Tommies are showing us how to behave. They are carrying on the true tradition."

I borrow these eminently wise and wholesome words from my friend the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. It is only fair to add that he uttered them, not from his professorial chair, but in the sparkling pages of "*The Commonwealth.*"

CHAPTER XXXII

EASTER

There is a rapturous movement, a green growing,
Among the hills and valleys once again,
And silent rivers of delight are flowing
Into the hearts of men.
There is a purple weaving on the heather,
Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,
Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,
Dead Nature breathes and stirs.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THIS is the really Festive Season. We all do our best to be cheerful at Christmas, but the weather is heavily against us. As Mrs. Hackit in "Amos Barton" says, "A green yule makes a fat churchyard; and so does a white yule, too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it." If the weather is open, people murmur against slush and flood, and sigh for an "old-fashioned Christmas," all snow and holly, like a Christmas Card. If the earth is fast bound in the misery

and iron of a frost, every one with a drop of fox-hunting blood in his veins feels bilious and contradictory. Dwellers in towns gasp and groan under a pall of yellow fog, and townspeople, on visits to their friends in the country, long passionately for the expiration of their exile, and the first sight of Euston Station or King's Cross. But at Easter, at least if it falls late in the spring, all this is changed, and it is quite easy to be cheerful. No book of "Selections from the Poets," no "Golden Chaplet of English Verse," would be complete without Browning's aspiration—"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" The popularity of the quotation bears witness to the affection in which the month is held. In a friendly April the world is made new. The wind has got round to the south-west, and the sap of life flows more freely in our veins. Shakespeare felt the change when he wrote of "spongy April," and "youthful April, with all his showers." Indeed, the month seemed to him the harbinger of all good things—

> "A day in April never came so sweet,
> To show how costly summer was at hand,"

as came the forerunner of that Venetian gallant

who set out to woo young Portia. Milton knew the feeling of the season, and wrote of spring as the time

> "When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
> Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season."

April has its charms in town as well as in country, and Keats knew them right well :

> "The city streets were clean and fair
> From wholesome drench of April rains;
> And on the western window-panes
> The chilly sunset faintly told
> Of unmatured green, valleys cold,
> Of the green, thorny, bloomless hedge,
> Of rivers new with springtide sedge."

Wordsworth dwelt in a more northerly region, where the month wore a different aspect :

> "In changeful April, when, as he is wont,
> Winter has reassumed a short-lived sway,
> And whitened all the surface of the fields."

In vivid contrast to that chilly stanza stands the April which we love. Volleying floods of warm rain encourage the growing greenness; the sunshine, though fitful, shows gallantly against a blue sky, and the clouds disperse almost as soon as they have gathered. Within

and without, above and below, and all around one, is that delicious sense of

"Hope and a renovation without end,"

which is the special boon of spring. "I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you have never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue?" It is George Eliot who asks the question, and she is thinking of spring in that Forest of Arden where her earliest and best years were spent. Tennyson loved his native Lincolnshire, and there is a touch of North-East England in such lines as "April nights begin to blow," and "April's crescent glitters cold." Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson—April has indeed a gallant band of poet-lovers, and the list is not yet exhausted. Matthew Arnold taught us to associate the thought of April with

"The springing pastures and the feeding kine,"

and

> "Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
> Woods with anemones in bloom till May."

And a living poet, Mr. S. R. Littlewood, has used its parabolic aspect in a delightful couplet—

> "Glimpses of heaven that are on earth bestowed,
> Like sunlit pools upon an April road."

But April has other associations, of an even more appealing kind than those with which the poets have invested it. April is peculiarly the month of Easter. Certainly Easter may, and often does, fall in bitter March; but it is never so truly Easter as when it delivers its message through the sights and sounds of April. And here let me borrow from a writer, once ridiculously extolled and now quite as unreasonably contemned—Joseph Henry Shorthouse—and let us listen to his description of Easter Day, as it befell on April 9, 1882. I am quoting from his introduction to George Herbert's Poems:

"Easter Day.—On Easter morning, such as even an English spring can sometimes afford, a morning bright with sunshine and cherry blossom and flowers, the primroses, the daffodils,

and the polyanthus were around the windows, and the fresh green of the woodlands tinted the distance, from which the church bells were faintly heard—a season chosen by God for festival, who knows how many centuries ago?"

Perhaps one needs to dwell in the country if one is to appreciate the perfection of this picture, and of the whole passage in which it is embedded. But even if, at this divine season, it is one's hapless lot to be "in populous cities pent," April and Easter still make their joint appeal. April provides the flowers which decorate the churches and bring the very scent of the woodlands with them. Easter prompts alike the simple unison which blends the voices of a great congregation, and those miraculously interwoven melodies which, in Newman's phrase, "are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound."

But this is not all. Easter affords a respite, though all too short, from the ordinary labours of life; and—what is just now more welcome still—from its extraordinary agitations. For a few days, at any rate, we can be "hidden in the tabernacle from the strife of tongues," and

can make some kind of attempt to see the awful issues of the moment, not through the blinding atmosphere of pain and care and anxiety, but as they really are. It is not for me to preach, but I may be permitted to quote, and I choose some words which were uttered by a great preacher and true patriot five-and-thirty years ago. The crisis through which we are now passing is sterner than that to which these words were first applied; and this very fact strengthens their appeal and deepens their significance:

"What shall we think of all that is passing now, when we look back on it, one hundred, or fifty, or five, years hence, from our place within the veil? It will only interest us so far as it has borne upon our personal discharge of a single duty. Our highest wisdom, even now, is to look beyond it, into the heights and depths of that future and unending life, which is the true goal of our existence."

CHAPTER XXXIII

PREJUDICE

If the intellectual furniture of our several minds could be examined and catalogued, it would probably be found that we are most if not all of us to a certain extent in Nathanael's condition : we have received from our elders an assortment of prepossessions, which combine with the highest truths the least tenable of assumptions. Most of us who think at all are engaged throughout our lives in revising at least some portion of this hereditary mental stock.—H. P. LIDDON.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE once said in my hearing : "I am accused of being prejudiced. It is quite true, and I am not the least ashamed of it. A good, stiff prejudice is a very useful thing. It is like a rusty weathercock : it will yield to a strong, continuous blast, but it doesn't go twisting about with every little current of air."

The simile always struck me as peculiarly apt ; and, although I abhor Froude's dealings with history, I think that in this matter of Prejudice he had a good deal of right on his side. In the sermon from which I quote

above Dr. Liddon pointed out that, when Nathanael asked his sceptical question: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" his scepticism was not culpable. He had been reared in a local and traditional prejudice against the inhabitants of a particular place, and, so far, had no reason for discarding it. Liddon's doctrine on this point was reinforced, when I was at Oxford, by a teacher of a different school. "It is very rare," said W. E. Jelf, "that a person approaches any enquiry in morals without an impression that the truth lies on one side rather than the other; such an impression must from the laws of the human mind arise wherever the nature of the parties or the circumstances of the case have any moral tinge whatever. It can only be avoided when the case is in all its particulars utterly colourless; but such a suspicion does not throw a tinge of prejudice over the decision come to, unless this suspicion be allowed to counterbalance absolute facts or absolute evidence."

Some of the most religious people in the world have been the most intensely prejudiced. When Cranmer burned a Socinian,

he probably felt that he was doing exactly the right thing; and, when Mary inflicted the same fate on Cranmer, we have no reason to doubt that she had the support of an approving conscience. When the great Lord Shaftesbury read "Ecce Homo," he denounced it as "the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of Hell,"—a phrase which suggests that his reading must have been singularly innocent. When that stout Protestant, Dean Close, wished to express his disapproval of "Tract 90," he said blandly that he wished to hurt no one's feelings, but that he "would be sorry to trust the writer of that tract with his purse." Forty years ago, at a "Prophetical Conference" of Evangelical Christians, a respected clergyman called Dibdin delighted his hearers by thus formulating the difference between himself and a High Churchman: "I think him an idolator, and he thinks me an infidel." Sydney Smith was one of the most open-minded men who ever filled an ecclesiastical office, but he avowed that "every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in him by a man who professed himself an infidel," and he taught that the holder

of what he considered an ethical heresy "should not be reasoned with, but called rogue, rascal, etc., and the mob should be incited to break his windows."

To several generations of Englishmen, a hatred of Roman Catholicism seemed a national virtue. They were apparently unable to discern even a trace of Christianity in the form of religion which we encounter when we travel in France or Italy or cross the Irish Channel. We long vaunted our resolve to "knit the hearts of the Empire into one harmonious concord," but (until the other day) we declined to let Irish Catholics have the schools or universities suited to them, because their religion was, as we gracefully put it, "a lie and a heathenish superstition." If the war has done nothing else for us, it has shown us scenes in France and Belgium before which this particular prejudice must, I should think, give way. Charles Kingsley, in spite of all that was loveable in him, was a mass of blundering, passionate, and inconsistent prejudices. His horror of Romanism amounted to frenzy, and involved him in that deplorable controversy with Newman which increased the

influence of the accused even more than it damaged the reputation of the accuser. But, when one of his children asked who Heine was, he abruptly replied, "A wicked man, my dear," and changed the conversation.

Prejudice and Politics are, of course, synonymous terms. Hear the patient Bozzy, himself a Whig, on Dr. Johnson's Toryism: "This morning the subject of politics was introduced. JOHNSON: 'Pulteney was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig, who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to be honest. He cannot hold it out.'" Over against this sturdy declaration, I set a not less vigorous warning from the opposite camp. "Tom," said the grandfather of the first Earl of Leicester—"Coke of Norfolk"—as he set the child on his knee, "Tom, remember that, whatever else you do in life, you never trust a Tory"; and, said Lord Leicester in his declining years, "I never have, and, by G——, I never will."

The Christian philanthropist, William Wilberforce, warned his son Samuel, the future Bishop, against the seductive writings of William Cobbett, whom he esteemed "that

worst of varlets"; and Cobbett (who aptly styled himself "The Porcupine") returned the compliment, when enumerating the charms of the United States. "To see a free country for once, and to see every labourer with plenty to eat and drink! Think of *that!* And never to see the hang-dog face of a tax-gatherer. Think of *that!* No Alien Acts here! No Judges escorted from town to town and sitting under the guard of Dragoons. No packed juries of tenants. No hangings and rippings-up. No Cannings, Liverpools, Castlereaghs, Eldons, Ellenboroughs, or Sidmouths. No bankers. No Wilberforces. Think of *that!* No Wilberforces!"

Richard Milnes, Lord Houghton, by blood a thorough Englishman and by temperament thoroughly un-English, was most un-English in his freedom from prejudice, and this freedom drew down on him the thunders of Carlyle. Milnes had been denouncing Capital Punishment, and pleading that, after all, we could not be sure that others—even murderers—were wicked. Carlyle broke out on him—

"None of your Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Companies for me. We *do* know what is

wickedness. I know wicked men: men whom I would not live with: men whom, under some conceivable circumstances, I would kill, or they should kill me. No, Milnes, there's no truth or greatness in all that. It's just poor miserable littleness."

On nine points out of ten I distrust Carlyle as I distrust his biographer, but in that vehement repudiation of all philosophies which try to amalgamate Good and Evil I am with him heart and soul.

One of the deepest and most unreasoning prejudices which ever dominated Englishmen was the prejudice against the Jewish race. Disraeli had experienced it, in his own person, and had faced it and conquered it by the force of genius, and it moved him to an amusing scorn. "Tancred" contains a delightful passage in which he contrasts the Feast of Tabernacles, as celebrated "beneath the sweet and starry sky of Galilee" with the same observance in Houndsditch or the Minories. The Jewish householder is "praising Jehovah for the vintage which His children may no longer cull," and his wife and children are joining in Hosanna, when two respectable citizens pass

the house, and words like these are heard: "I say, Buggins, what's that row?" "Oh, it's those cursed Jews. We've a lot of 'em here. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not as bad as they used to be. They used always to crucify little boys at these hullabaloos, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork." "To be sure," replies his companion, "we all make progress." That passage was written in 1845. Contrast it with the chorus of eulogy which in 1915 followed Lord Rothschild to his grave, and you will see how far we have travelled in seventy years. One of the truest sayings is that each country has the Jews it deserves. One of Lord Rothschild's cousins, who had been brought up in Vienna but migrated to London, gave me this simple reason for the transition: "I valued civil and religious liberty, and in Austria there was neither."

Returning to Froude's simile, we must remember that the rusty weathercock is not fixed, mechanically and unalterably, in one position. Even rust will give way to adequate pressure, and an honest prejudice will yield to the strong and continuous blast of a changed

conviction. The process may be slow or sudden ; but, if only the conviction be sincere, sooner or later the arrow will mark the movement. There can be no need to encumber this chapter with instances of men, both good and great, who have been driven, by the irresistible workings of conscience and intellect, into a course diametrically opposite to that which they once believed to be the path of duty. They have not always chosen to reveal—perhaps they have not precisely known—the method or the moment of conversion ; but the fact is patent to all men, when they begin to burn what they adored, and adore what they burned.

Probably no human being was ever animated by a stronger prejudice than Burke when he surveyed the French Revolution and all that it involved. Certainly no prejudice has ever been expressed with greater force or more resounding eloquence. And yet, at the very close of his strenuous warfare, he seemed to see, with a clearness of vision vouchsafed only to genius, that the cause against which he had so gloriously contended might, after all, prove to be right.

" I have done with this subject [so he wrote in

1791], I believe, for ever. It has given me many anxious moments for the last two years. If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinion and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate."

We have nothing but contempt—not even pity—for the people who, under the influence of moral or intellectual levity, are perpetually chopping and changing; yielding to every "wind of doctrine," adopting each new opinion as it becomes fashionable, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. But the man who has the wisdom to see and the courage to admit that he has been wrong, and that his opponents have been right, is entitled to all the honours of Confessorship. Here is a chance for English worshippers of German militarism, German philosophy, and German theology.

CHAPTER XXXIV

EQUILIBRIUM

Let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for, war.

GEORGE CANNING.

A MOTTO must be brief; and therefore I have detached this sentence from the magnificent context in which it properly stands. To my thinking, there is no more splendid passage in the lost art of English oratory than that in which Canning likened England, tranquil but resolute, to a battleship in repose.

"The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town * is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen,

* Plymouth.

how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, would collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion."

Oratory and poetry are arts essentially akin, and orators, like poets, have the gift of prophecy—

"The vision and the faculty divine."

How perfectly do Canning's words describe the attitude and temper of England during the twelve months that end to-day! A year ago she was, like the battleship, "reposing on her shadow in perfect stillness." "Passive and motionless," she was "silently concentrating the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion," though what the occasion might be

she could only guess. Then suddenly the "call of patriotism and necessity" rang out with startling clearness; and, on the instant, the English nation—nay, let us rather say the British Empire—"collected its scattered elements of strength, and awakened its dormant thunder."

For nine months that thunder has been reverberating round the world. The storm has been loud and long, and perhaps its most terrible crash is yet to come; but, so far, it has been powerless to disturb our national equilibrium. An equilibrium is produced by a perfect balance of forces, and it is exactly this balance that so perplexes our enemies and our critics. There is the force of Patriotism, there is the force created by the love of Freedom, there is the force which loathes injustice and cruelty, there is the force, ethically less admirable but very strong, which craves for vengeance—and all these forces tend in one direction, and, if uncorrected, would destroy the balance. But there are other forces at work, and they tell in the opposite direction. The desire for vengeance finds itself checked by the Christian ethic. Love of country, love of

freedom, hatred of injustice, are sentiments purely virtuous, but they might easily sway men into lamentable violences of speech and action, if they were not steadied by those forces which Burke, not himself an Englishman, so highly extolled—"the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour, of the people of England."

This balance of forces—and some might be added on either side—maintains our national equilibrium. We keep ourselves, or are kept, free alike from "red fool-fury," from panic, from pessimism, and from levity. To an Australian friend of mine, who had intended to spend the summer over here but was deterred by what he read, I wrote thus—"By all means come. You will find a grave, but not a gloomy, England." He has come, and he sees that I gave a true report. England is, in Canning's phrase, "instinct with life and motion." All round us are the signs of war. To meet a young man not in khaki gives one a shock of surprise; and almost every man who is palpably too old or too infirm for military service seems to be busy in some task of civilian co-operation. One such describes

his day's work in a letter which reaches me as I write :—

"I breakfast at 8 ; get to my office at 9.15 ; remain there till 8 p.m. ; and am good for nothing afterwards. It's the devil of a life, and the strange thing is that *I like it.*" This is a fair specimen of our national equilibrium ; duty weighing one way, inclination the other, and "good nature and good humour" reconciling the two forces.

The clergy, as a body, have resisted the temptation to play at soldiers, and the even stronger temptation to preach hysterical sermons ; they are busy, as they ought to be, with the ministrations of comfort which pertain to their office, and with the moral problems which war brings in its train. While men of all sorts and conditions are thus active, women are not idle. They are busy, nursing, knitting, sewing, collecting material comforts for the uncomfortable front, organizing schemes for scientific relief of distress, and carrying them out with whole-hearted self-forgetfulness. Authors and artists are giving of their best to the common cause ; and people whose only "talent" is money or

money's worth are buying and selling and subscribing for the benefit of our innumerable war charities. £50,000 from the Red Cross Sale at Christie's is surely a triumph of generosity.

Thus every one is busy about the war; but it is characteristic of our national temperament that the business is conducted quietly. We see no mock-heroics, no "high falutin'," no overstrained emotion; or perhaps we might more accurately say that, where symptoms of those evils appear, they are promptly suppressed by the gravity (in all senses) of the national temper. We still take our amusements, but quietly and in moderation. Lord Beaconsfield called the Turf, a "vast institution of national demoralization," and its leading men have lately shown us that the phrase was not exaggerated; but a bright evening at "Quinney's," or "The man who stayed at home," does nothing but good; and cricket, even though Lords' shuts its doors, will cheer Englishmen this summer as it cheered them a hundred years ago.

Of Society, in the usual sense of the term, of course there can be none. People will not spend their money on champagne and ortolans when our soldiers are begging for cigarettes

and chocolate. Girls cannot dance, when all the brightest partners of the last two seasons are standing on the brink of the river of death, except those who have crossed it. But, if six or eight friends meet over an "Emergency Ration," they help each other to bear the burden. Trade goes on quite quietly, for necessaries, not luxuries, form its staple; and, though there are no "booms," there are few bankruptcies. Night after night, London is threatened with destruction by aircraft, and no one says that it is an impossibility. But Londoners insure their houses, and go to bed in quiet reliance on the guardian angels of aerial defence. Every now and then we hear a fresh alarm about "the enemy in our midst" (though classical English rather says, "the midst of us"). We do not pooh-pooh the danger, but we send the suspected names to the Home Office, and leave it there. A worthier passion is awoke by tales of cruelty and indignity practised on English prisoners. The very thought makes our cheeks flush, and our hearts beat quicker; but only criminal lunatics suggest retaliation.

And once again—amid all the shifting scenes

of this most strenuous time, we see at every turn the sacred uniform of sorrow—not ostentatiously vaunted, not heathenishly exaggerated—but subdued and reverent as the grief which it symbolizes. This is perhaps the most impressive part of all our national equilibrium—the soul's agony controlled by the soul's conviction, with the resulting calm which can endure the present because it believes in the future.

CHAPTER XXXV

1815—1915

Farewell to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the Earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

BYRON.

JUST a hundred years ago the world was "standing tiptoe." The eyes of every civilized community were bent on France, and then, as now, men were anticipating a battle which should change the map of Europe for a century.

In the previous May, the tornado of the French Revolution, which in its successive phases had held Europe in awe since 1790, was, as it seemed, laid to rest. We saw in an earlier Chapter that Bonaparte had seemed to Englishmen "as swift and as terrible as the lightnings of God," and they had added in their alarm—"Would he were

as transient!" But now "the gloom of his glory" no longer "o'ershadowed the earth"; he was a beaten man, forced from his position as the arbiter of Europe, and caged at Elba. The Bourbons had returned in triumph to the throne of their ancestors, William Wilberforce characteristically remarking—"How sad it is that Louis the Eighteenth should set out for France on this day, and thereby both himself spend Sunday in travelling, and keep numbers of others from public worship!" The Allied Sovereigns had feasted and danced in London, finding there at least one English girl who could flirt with each of her royal partners in his native tongue, and of whom Byron wrote—

"I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn."

Not even the shrewdest observers foresaw what a year was to bring forth. By common consent, people began to regard the Revolution as a past event; and, freed at length from the terror which had so long obsessed them, they

* Elizabeth Anne Rawdon, afterwards Lady William Russell. The allusion in *Beppo*—stanzas lxxxiii and lxxxiv was revealed by Byron to Samuel Rogers.

sat down to reason quietly about its causes and its consequences.

But their reasoning seems to have left out of account one vitally important force. While men were discussing the effect of Voltaire and Rousseau on political thought, the recoil of the national conscience from the latter stages of the Revolution, and the triumph of the hereditary principle, they seem to have forgotten the existence of Napoleon. It was a curious forgetfulness; for the greatest genius of whom we have detailed knowledge was not likely, after holding the world in awe for twenty years, to submit without a struggle to a kind of fictitious exile, midway between the land of his birth and the scene of his culminating triumph. The constitutional Dryasdusts, whose one care was to restore the forms of mediæval monarchy, and the philosophical Dryasdusts, who traced all evil to the doctrine of the Social Contract, alike ignored the human element, which counts for so much more than theory in the evolution of the world.

The genius of Napoleon will always remain one of the most interesting of psychological studies; and those who speculate in race and

pedigree will perceive in it traces of Italian, and Greek, and possibly Jewish, origins. Perhaps our forefathers are not to be blamed because they failed to realize the fascination which this quite un-French genius could exercise, and would always exercise, over the French imagination. Had we lived in their time, very likely we should have shared their blindness. But Napoleon felt what Dryasdust ignored—that magical sympathy between himself and France which had made his career the most wonderful in history; and he had resolved yet once more to put that sympathy to the proof. On Christmas Eve, 1814, a young traveller who was afterwards Prime Minister of England, was admitted to an interview with Napoleon. In the midst of a long and, as it seemed, desultory, conversation, the Emperor—for he still bore the title—suddenly asked: "What do they think in England of my chance of regaining my throne?" "Well, sire," said the visitor (who through life was plain-spoken to a fault), "they don't think you have any."

Two months later, Napoleon left Elba under cover of night, and the world had again to endure one of those shocks which are inevitable

when genius asserts itself against commonplace, and disturbs the calculations of all sensible men. A contemporary observer has preserved some of the headlines, eminently characteristic of journalism in times of transition, which the official *Moniteur* of France published in the agitated month of March, 1815.

"The Ogre has come out of his cave."

"The Tyrant has passed through Lyons."

"Buonaparte is advancing by forced marches."

"Napoleon will be under our walls to-morrow."

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday took up his residence at the Tuileries, amid the rejoicings of his faithful subjects."

Then ensued a period of "distress of nations, with perplexity," such as Europe had never known, and it awoke in students of prophecy a conviction that the end of all things was at hand. The army of France had thrown itself at Napoleon's feet. The King and Royal Family of France, so lately restored to their

throne, had fled to Brussels. The Allied Sovereigns declared Napoleon the public enemy of Europe, and gathered what remained of their forces, enfeebled and depleted as they were, for a final attempt to crush the man who had mocked their strength and eluded their cunning. William Wilberforce wrote in his diary: "What an awful interval! All Europe collecting arms against Buonaparte; 700,000 mentioned by Lord Liverpool." Wellington decided that he could not safely begin operations before June; and May, 1815, was as anxious a moment for England as May, 1915. Wellington's delay gave Napoleon the opportunity of striking the first blow. With all his old strategic skill, he collected his army on the Sambre; issued a General Order which stirred every Frenchman's blood, and on the 14th of June delivered his assault. What happened on the next four days it is unnecessary to recapitulate. When the sun of June 18 sank on the field of Waterloo, England was saved, and the "Hundred Days" of Napoleon's second reign gave place to forty years of European peace.

The entrance of the Allies into France

showed a difference between the English and the Prussian temper in war-making, which is as conspicuous to-day as it was a century ago. "While Blücher and the Prussians thought of nothing but vengeance, Wellington, true to the constant policy of England, insisted upon regarding France as a friendly country, to which he was restoring its legitimate sovereign." He succeeded in restraining Blücher, who wished to shoot Napoleon, to levy a large contribution on Paris, and to blow up the bridges of the Seine; and he suffered Napoleon to make his way unmolested to the English man-of-war which bore him away to sunset and obscurity.

But though Napoleon disappeared, the Napoleonic idea, the Napoleonic legend, survived, and will survive as long as the world pays homage to genius. In the year 1887 the Duc d'Aumale told me that, in his belief, no member of the House of Bourbon would ever again reign in France. "If," he added, "a capable Bonaparte emerges, I believe he might restore the Empire"; failing that emergence, the Duke predicted that the French Republic would endure; revolutions, he said, there

might be, but only revolutions ending in some modification of the Republican system.

Recent and impending events are not without their bearing on these predictions, but, whatever befall France, her glorious history holds at least one imperishable name. "Napoleon will live when Paris is in ruins; his deeds will survive the dome of the Invalides. No man can show the tomb of Alexander."

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NOTE

THE papers which form this book were, with one exception, published in the "Daily News" during the autumn and winter of 1914 *and the spring of* 1915. *My best thanks are due to the Editor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, for permission to reproduce them.*

Each paper has been revised, and most of them have been enlarged.

G. W. E. R.

Easter, 1915.

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